JOHN BULL

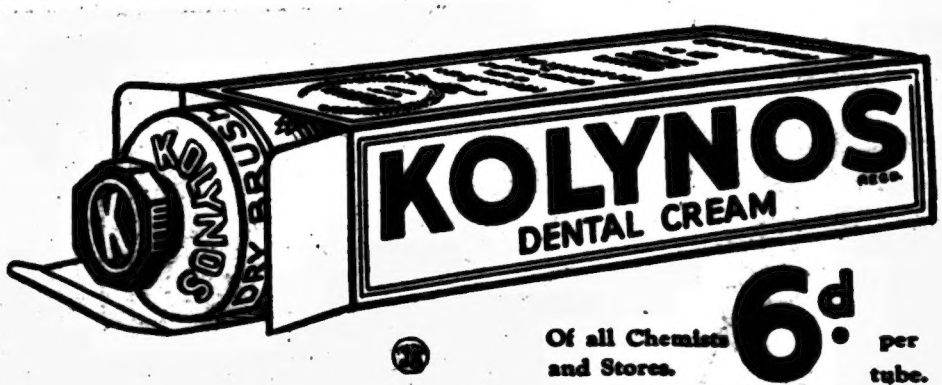
TWOPENCE

"THE COUNTRY'S TEETH ARE ROTTEN"

Said Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Health

SOUND teeth, so vitally important to health and good looks, contribute in no small measure to success in life. Children should be taught to clean their teeth twice a day with KOLYNOS, the tooth paste which keeps the teeth sparkling white and attractive as Nature intended them to be. Only a dentist can deal with teeth which are already decayed, but KOLYNOS will save the rest, because it protects against harmful germs and acids which cause decay. KOLYNOS strengthens the gums, cleans the tongue, refreshes the mouth and purifies the breath. Economical too, for a little goes a very long way and teeth *stay* cleaner—*longer*.

FREE A valuable booklet "The Cause and Prevention of Tooth Decay" will gladly be sent, free of charge, on application to: KOLYNOS (Dept. J.B.1), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.



Of all Chemists and Stores. **6d.** per tube.
Also in larger sizes 1'- and 1'9.

HER husband had just arrived home. She heard him go into the passage to switch off the electric light, and then there was silence—a silence that became so prolonged that she wondered what had happened. She went into the passage, and switching on the light she saw, to her horror, that her husband was lying unconscious at the bottom of the stairs. It was apparent that in reaching up to put out the light he had overbalanced.

She immediately called a doctor and her husband was taken to hospital, where, despite every attention, he died from a fractured skull.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that recently befell Mr. E. Smith, of "Hillsbro," Dale Road, Matlock, Derbyshire.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

As Mr. Smith was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has been promptly sent to his widow.

UNIQUE BENEFIT

In addition to providing numerous accident benefits, "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard its registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

£682 15s. PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £682 15s. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	£398	15	0
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£179	0	0
Children's Accidents... ...	£105	0	0
	£682	15	0

Here are more letters received from readers—letters that are typical of the big mail received almost daily:

NO PAPER CAN BEAT "JOHN BULL"

"I wish to acknowledge cheque in settlement of my claim under your Free Insurance Scheme. I would like to thank you for the way you have treated me over this matter and shall at all times be able to speak well of the 'John Bull' Free Insurance Gift. I think I can truly say no other paper can beat 'John Bull's' Insurance, and also I should like to mention the courtesy of your representative who called upon me."

E. M. K., Somercotes.

PROMPT PAYMENT

"I was amazed at the speed my claim was dealt with by your staff. I've been thinking how it was possible to give particulars of my claim and receive cheque inside one week."

J. C., West Lothian.

OVER £650,000 ALREADY PAID

This Great Gift of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched the colossal sum of over £650,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants.

No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique Family Insurance Gift is needed.

FRIEND IN NEED

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives you a real sense of protection. In your daily round you are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers, and it is a great relief and comfort to think that if misfortune does come your way—"John Bull" will prove your "true friend in need"—a friend to whom you can turn, confident of ready and open-handed assistance.

If you have not yet registered for this Great Security Gift, use the forms below to-day.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 4/2/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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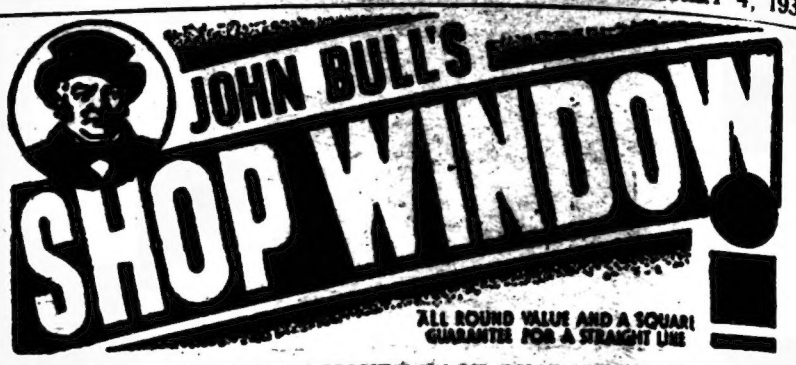
..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 4/2/39.



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1 Superior Sateen or Art Silk Wadded Down Quilt, full 6 x 6ft. also 2 Heavy Twill Sheets 90 x 96, for hard wear. 2 Heavy Yorkshire White Blanket Blankets, full size 60 x 80. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, 54 x 76. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 60 x 70; White or Coloured, 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall, 2 White Pillow Cases, coloured embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 20 x 28.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

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FREE DELIVERY

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Length.	Width.	Height.	Price.	Dep.
5ft.	3ft.	6ft.	£2 8 0	2/-
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£3 0 0	3/-
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	£3 16 0	3/6
8ft.	6ft.	6ft.	£4 8 0	4/-
9ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£5 0 0	5/-
10ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£5 15 0	6/-
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8ft.	6ft.	7ft. 6in.	£3 5 0	3/6
10ft.	8ft.	7ft. 6in.	£4 15 0	4/6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft. 6in.	£5 15 0	5/6

GARAGE			
Length.	Width.	Price.	Dep.
7ft. 6in.	4ft. 6in.	£2 0 0	2/-
7ft. 6in.	6ft. 6in.	£3 0 0	3/-
7ft. 6in.	8ft. 6in.	£4 0 0	4/-
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Cedar wood Panels, Fencing, etc. Products Floods.

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8ft. 6in.	6ft. 6in.	6ft. 6in.	£4 10 0	4/6
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12ft. 6in.	8ft. 6in.	6ft. 6in.	£7 0 0	7/-

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Please send me Catalogues (cross out those not required) (a) Sheds and Garages, (b) Greenhouses, (c) Army Huts and Workshops, (d) Asbestos Garages. PRINT your name and address clearly on a piece of paper, attach this Coupon to it and post in unsealed envelope. (Stamp envelope ½d. stamp.)

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket Clip 3d. extra.

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great Practical Home Presentation for every Reader

John Bull's Valuable

THE HOME WORKSHOP

HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF MONEY-SAVING JOBS YOU CAN DO YOURSELF—HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF THINGS YOU CAN MAKE—FROM A BOOT BOX TO A SPLINTER-PROOF TRENCH

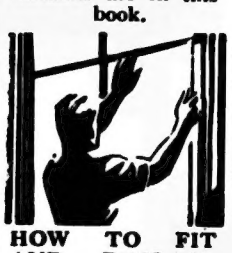
ALL AS SIMPLE AS A.B.C.—EVEN AN AMATEUR CAN'T GO WRONG

The illustrations below show you just a few of the big list of things to make and do in this work. In the book itself, you will find the over 1,000 how-to-do-it photographs, drawings, diagrams, and plans which show you in a glance how to carry out every job. There are no masses of complicated instructions to read. You actually SEE what to do and how to do it.

MAKING A DOOR GASPROOF— The very latest A.R.P. methods are in this book.

PANELLING A ROOM—What a wonderful difference it makes to a room!

A BATHROOM CABINET is yet another practical article which you can make.



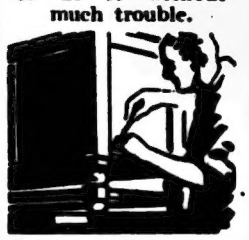
HOW TO FIT AND REPLACE WINDOW PANES like an expert—and save heavy bills.

PAPERING—This book shows you the right way to hang wallpaper

LAYING A GARDEN PATH — It's worth knowing how to do it without much trouble.

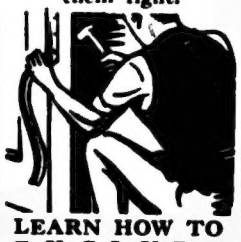
WHEN YOUR RADIO GIVES TROUBLE this book shows you where to look for the fault.

NO MORE DRAWERS THAT STICK or don't fit properly. This book shows how to put them right.

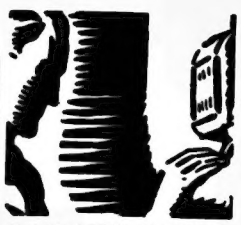


FURNITURE REPAIRS—Don't pension an old friend off.

A CLOTHES AIRER—The wife would find it useful and it's such a simple job.

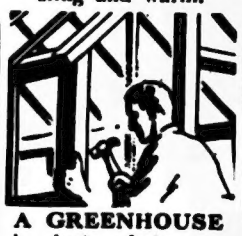


LEARN HOW TO EXCLUDE DRAUGHTS and keep your rooms snug and warm.



LIGHTS GONE WRONG! This book shows you how to put them right.

PAINTING—This is where you save money and do the job like an expert.



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THINGS TO MAKE.—Jacobean Candlesticks—A Salt and Pepper Set—Oak Table Lamp—A First-Aid Cabinet—Book Ends—A Folding Bed-Table—A Boot-Brush Box—A Clothes Horse—A Folding Ironing Table—A Deck Chair—A Nest of Tables—A Simple Tea Tray—A Meat Safe—A Bathroom Cabinet—Combined Cabinet and Bookshelves—A Child's Folding Cot—Household Steps—A Kitchen Table—A Fire Screen—A Garden Barrow—A Table Lamp—A China Cabinet—A Modern Sideboard, etc., etc. **THINGS TO DO.**—Furniture Repairs—Replacing Sash Cords—Fitting a Clothes Airer—Lifting Floorboards—Laying Parquet Floors—Fitting Picture Rails and Skirting—Draught Prevention—Picture Framing—Panelling a Room—Repairing Drawers—Plugging Walls—Fitting Shelves—An Extra Leaf for a Table—Making and Fitting Stair Handrails—Glass Cutting—Fitting and Replacing Window Panes—Fitting Locks and Fasteners, etc., etc. **METALWORK.**—Choice of Bench—Metalwork Processes—Simple Tools to Make—Brazing and Soldering—Hardening and Tempering Carbon Tool Steel—Bent Wire Work—Tinplate Work—A Cake Tin—A Kitchen Scoop—Making a Door Latch—Colouring and Lacquering Metals.—**HOUSE PAINTING & DECORATING.**—Paperhanging—Interior Painting—Graining, etc., etc. **THINGS TO MAKE AND DO FOR THE GARDEN.**—A Summer House—A Simple Rose Pergola—A Bird Table—A Two-light Garden Frame—A Greenhouse—A Strong Garden Seat—A Rustic Garden Bench—The Care of the Lawnmower—The Care of Garden Shears—Laying a Lawn of Turfs, etc. **FOR YOUR MOTOR CYCLE OR CYCLE.**—Lubrication—Decarbonising—Ignition—Brakes and Steering—Fault Tracing, etc., etc. **FOR YOUR CAR.**—General Maintenance—Routine Attentions—Fault Tracing—The Steering Gear—The Braking System—Wheels and Tyres—Care of the Coachwork—Repainting a Car—Winter Precautions, etc. **ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.**—Circuits and Wiring—Fault Tracing—Fitting Additional Lighting Points—Fitting Extra Power Points—Repairs—Wiring for Electric Bells—Mains-Radio Connections, etc., etc. **PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD PRECAUTIONS AGAINST AIR RAIDS.**—For the first time the vital problem of family protection against air raids is dealt with in pictorial form—although the information given in this work is based on the recommendations of the Home Office, it is backed up by PRACTICAL experience of priceless value. Subjects include—Fitting a Respirator—Choosing the Refuge Room—Sealing and Protecting Windows—Making Doors Gas-proof—Sealing a Fireplace—Supporting the Ceiling—The Toilet—Making a Splinter-proof Trench, etc., etc.

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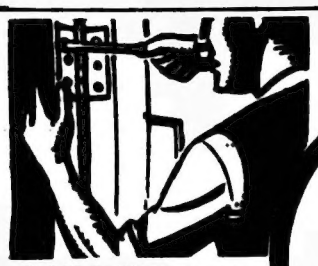

FITTING HIM IN—See how easy it is with this book before you! You'll be surprised at the ease with which you can carry out hundreds of useful jobs in the home.

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PLUGGING A WALL neatly and securely. There is a real art in this kind of work if it is to be done properly and you can't go wrong with the help of this book. You SEE just what to do and how to do it.

On the right is a miniature reproduction of one of the pages from this great work. This page is reproduced to give you some idea of the way in which the illustrations are arranged so as to indicate clearly and step-by-step exactly what to do in any job—you simply can't go wrong.

WOODGRAVING'S a fascinating hobby that enables you to make many useful articles. Wood carving is often beyond many amateur practical men, but with this book it need not be so again.

WHEN YOUR MOTOR-MOWER GOES WRONG must it necessarily cost you money and time. And there's a thrill, too, in improving your bike inside as well as out. Keep it in good order and it will never let you down.

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TAPS OFTEN GO WRONG—Now you can mend them in a minute. Numerous other emergency jobs in the home are covered by this book. With the aid of this work you'll be able to tell instantly what's wrong and how to put matters right.

PAINTING A CAR and save money, too. This book shows you how such a job can be done even if you've never before attempted such a task. What a treat to be able to make your car look like new for the spring and summer.

PUTTING UP SHELVES WELL that stays up! And other work, too, that once it is finished you know it will last for years, giving no trouble and causing no expense. That is the type of work that shows the true handyman.

YOU CAN'T HAVE TOO MANY BOOKSHELVES, and they are quite easy to make. Follow the PICTURES in this book and in quick time you'll be able to house your home library in a grand way—adding more shelves as you need them.

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GRAINING—You will be able to do it in proper style, and what a difference! A job well done looks good and stays good. That is why this great book will be so invaluable to you.

TROUBLE WITH THE CAR? Now its insides will be like an open book. Just as many other problems will be with this book before you.

ANYONE OF THE USEFUL APPLIANCES which this book shows you how to make—an oak letter rack.

The illustrations above show you just a few of the big list of things to make and to do in this work. In the book itself, you will find the over 1,000 how-to-do-it photographs, drawings, diagrams, and plans which show you in a glance how to carry out every job. There are no masses of complicated instructions to read.

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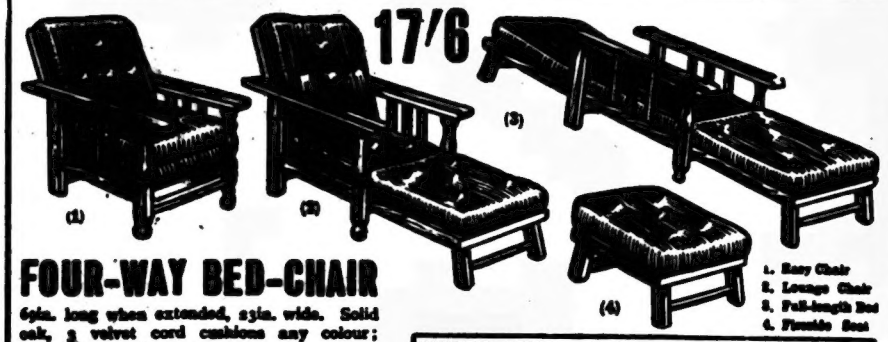

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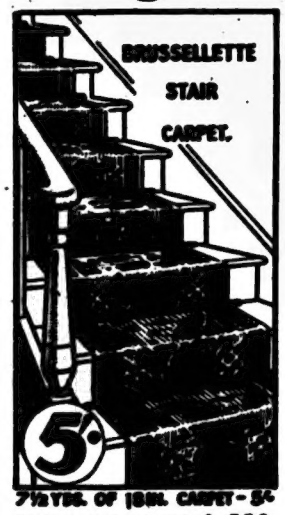

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"Size of a Sixpence Ear phone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals — Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

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SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Auricle Dept., 24b, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Station). Hours 10 to 6. Saturdays 10 to 1. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

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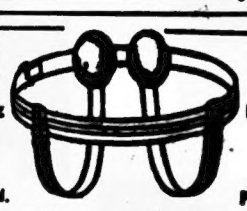

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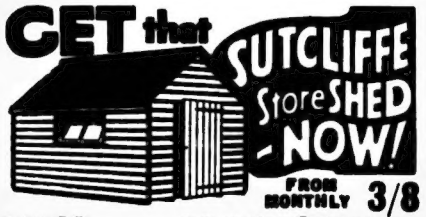

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Piano Finished Cabinet. "Stoldani" Metal bound Bellows, triple Chord Action. Complete with shoulder-straps, 31 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Cash price 42/-, or 2/- first instalment, balance 4/- monthly until 42/- is paid. Elaborate Tutor. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 55/6, same terms. List of models with 26 Keys, 12 Bass; 26 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys 120 Bass, on terms—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.52), 94/100, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

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1/- Chenille 2½d. Knop 2½d. oz. Quicknitting 2½d. Crepe 3½d. Crochet 2½d. oz. Angora 3d. Ball. Sports 1d. oz. Write Dept. C.5, for 1,000 samples at Sale Prices.

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My new lists show the most amazing bargains from 57/6 cash, or terms. Send a postcard for the finest free Cycle Catalogue of the year, also Coupon for FREE accessories.

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Have more beautiful FLOORS

Stain and varnish your floors with "Varnene," the finer Oil Varnish Stain. Gives a lasting high gloss that will not readily chip or scratch. Excellent too for Furniture and all Indoor Woodwork. Obtainable at Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Stores. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black, and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

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CATARRH—The

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FREE INSTANT RELIEF

to be sent to All Readers of "JOHN BULL" who Suffer from any Form of

CATARRH

Mr. John Houben Guarantees Complete & Lasting Benefit

to All Who follow his Advice

THE immense public interest aroused when the Prime Minister recently developed nasal catarrh has prompted the following important announcement.

All that is necessary to give immediate relief in even the severest cases will be sent free to readers of "John Bull" with full details of the simple, safe, three-fold way which has enabled some hundreds of thousands of people to say good-bye for ever to all such distressing symptoms as Sneezing—Coughing—Choking—Noises in Head—Catarrhal Deafness, and other troubles which accompany or follow this serious condition when neglected.

The free immediate relief is in itself something which no sufferer can afford to miss.

Think what it will mean to suffer no more from Choking, Coughing, Sniffing and Gasping for Breath! No longer need you endure the annoyance and humiliation of Nose Stoppages, Excessive Mucus and Phlegm, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness and Bronchial Asthma—nor the dangerous Self-Poisoning of Cararrhal Indigestion and Constipation!

Newest Medical Knowledge

The newest medical knowledge reveals how the Catarrhal Condition can be eradicated completely from the entire system, and shows why any kind of treatment which merely attacks symptoms is always futile.

If you have Catarrh of the Nose, or Throat, or Stomach—then you may be sure that the same condition extends right through your system. Germs are at work, and their poisons get into your blood and circulate everywhere.

Every sufferer knows that the nose and throat can be quickly and easily cleared with gargles, sprays and inhalants—but the trouble usually returns. You may clear the surface, but the infection, being in the blood, cannot be got rid of so easily.

Eminent Physician's Discovery

An eminent physician, who fully realised the true facts about Catarrh, set himself the task of finding a remedy that would banish as well as relieve—by destroying ALL the Catarrh germs whilst cleansing the blood of their poison.

After extensive research work, over a number of years, he succeeded in producing a new bactericide—deadly to the Catarrh germ but non-poisonous, colourless, non-staining, pleasant to use. It clears nose and throat "like magic," and it also passes into the bloodstream, and so hunts down the germs, no matter where they lurk—something entirely new in the treatment of this disease.

To complete the good work, he perfected two wonderful prescriptions for internal use—one which cleanses all the Catarrh-germ poisons from the blood and another which puts the natural defence forces of the body into first-class "fighting trim" against re-infection. Thanks to these discoveries—now combined in one three-fold treatment—thousands of chronic sufferers have got rid of their Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma, Head Noises, and all Allied Complaints COMPLETELY AND PERMANENTLY.

For the first time many have learned what one-hundred-per-cent. health really means—and their letters of grateful thanks run into thousands.

As the fame of his treatment spread, the physician was compelled to seek the aid of a well-known firm of Manufacturing Chemists to pack and distribute the medicines. In accordance with the oldest and fairest of trading principles, "try before buying," they offer to send all sufferers, FREE, a small test supply of the preparation which will bring INSTANT RELIEF (the coupon on opposite page will simplify application).

GUARANTEED FREEDOM

from

Coughing, Choking, Sneezing, Hay Fever, Constant Colds and all other Catarrhal Symptoms

Every Reader of "John Bull" who applies on the Form at foot of opposite page will receive:—

1. **A Free Sample of the Doctor's powerful new Distillate, which will give Instant Relief, even in the worst cases. Mr. Houben will also send:**
2. **Full particulars of his offer to treat everybody under a legally binding guarantee to remedy their condition completely. Either they are fully satisfied, or it does not cost them one penny (apart from postage).**

From past experience in thousands of cases of Catarrh, Mr. Houben knows that you will be not only satisfied, but astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh will clear away.

Remarkable All-Round Benefits Reported when

Catarrh *is Banished*

When sufferers get rid of their Catarrh by following Mr. Houben's advice they are surprised to find that they also get rid of many other troubles at the same time. This is because Catarrh is the unsuspected cause of half the complaints of the present day. Banish your Catarrh, and you revolutionise your health in every way, as is proved by the following letters.

Sense of Smell Returned

"I am very glad to tell you that my wife is entirely free from her Catarrh and that her sense of smell has completely returned. The relief is, I am sure, complete, for there has been no trace of the trouble for over three months—and during the four years previously she had never been free from it. As I was so sceptical at first, I thought it the honest thing to write you thus and wish you every success in your campaign."

J. S., Wembley Park.

Constipation Disappeared

"I am surprised at the wonderful results obtained. My Constipation has disappeared. I can smell and taste better than I have done for the past two or three years. My only regret is that I did not send for the Treatment long before."

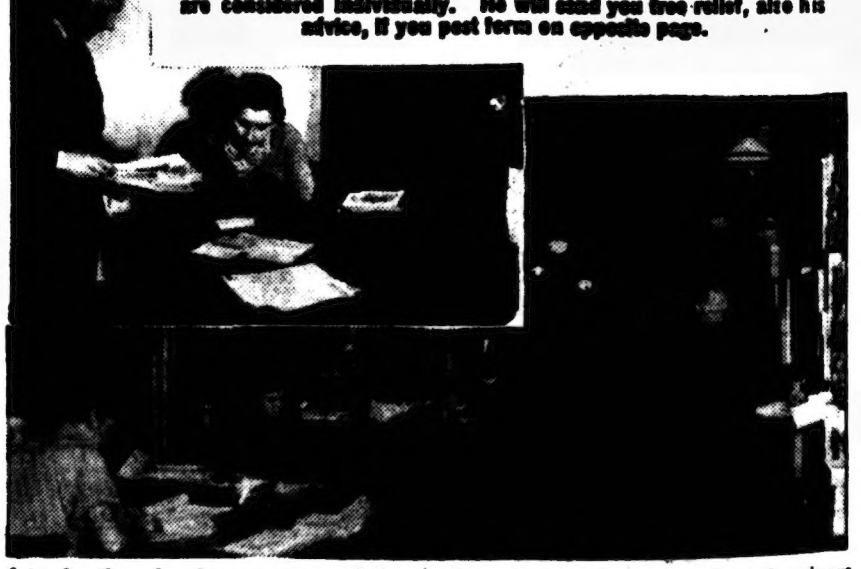
J. C., Littleport.

From all over the country sufferers are flocking to consult Mr. John Houben in order to receive the benefit of his expert advice and sympathetic consideration of their cases. You are cordially invited to call upon him.

Now Sleep Well and Eat Well

"I must thank you very much for the new lease of life I have received since I wrote last. I sleep well and eat well. I feel another person . . . such a pity I did not have your treatment sooner. I would have been spared much misery and pain."

T. N., Glasgow.



Sufferers from every part of the country write about their trouble to Mr. John Houben. He replies to them personally and their cases are considered individually. He will send you free relief, also his advice, if you post form on opposite page.

Dreadful Cough Gone

"It is with great pleasure I write to say that your Catarrh Treatment has completely rid me of Catarrh, for which I am more than thankful. It seems strange to be able to go to bed without having that dreadful cough."

G. S., Habrough.

A Wonderful Case

Suffered from Catarrh from Childhood

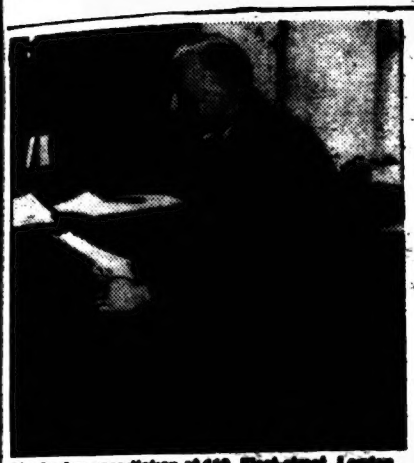
FREED AT 77

"I really cannot express my gratitude to you for your wonderful remedy for Catarrh. My head and throat are quite clear; no mucus in the mornings (that's a great relief), and considering that I have suffered more or less with my throat from a child and have now passed my 77th year, it is nothing short of a miracle. Before the Treatment, I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. I feel a new woman. Thanking you most heartily for your wonderful treatment. I shall recommend it to other sufferers."

L. S., Finsbury Park.

SCOURGE of TODAY

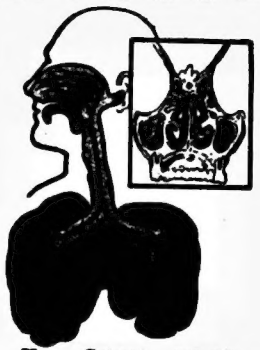
is Overcoming this Menace



him for free consultation at 110, Fleet-street, London, E.C.4; or if you cannot call post the coupon below and relief will be sent you by return of post.

How Catarrh Invades the Entire System

"Useless to Treat Symptoms" says Mr. J. Houben



How Catarrh spreads down from Nose to Chest

"WHAT *IS* this Catarrh?" I am often asked, and a short explanation certainly seems necessary, because ignorance of the true nature of the disorder causes many victims to think it incurable, and so to prolong their suffering.

The lining of the nose, throat, etc., is covered with millions of tiny "fingers," like fine velvet pile, which gradually work out all the dust and germs that are inhaled. These "fingers" are stimulated and lubricated by a thin gluey solution (mucus) produced by the mucous membrane when irritated.

If you are healthy this arrangement works perfectly, and protects you from infection, but when you are run down, over-fatigued, weakened by illness, or perhaps "drugged" by a hot, stuffy atmosphere, germs get a foothold, because the defence forces fail to work. Germs multiply, set up chronic inflammation of the membranes and soon spread to new areas, until almost any internal organ may be involved.

The secretion of mucus is increased by the irritation — causing running at the nose, choking, expectoration, etc., whilst during sleep it drips into the throat and is swallowed, causing stomach trouble and constipation. Further, the germs themselves, feeding on the tissues, produce toxins which poison the blood and impair its protective powers.

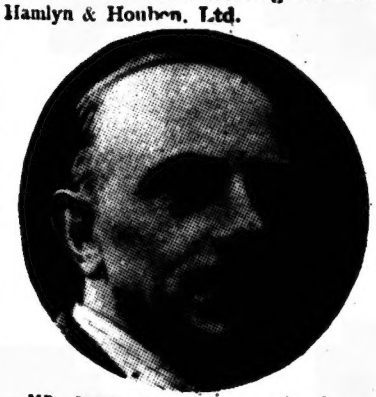
Ordinary methods can, and do give relief, but the trouble soon spreads back again. Treatment which attacks Catarrh from all angles at once and in every part of the body can give complete and lasting remedy.

This is exactly what my three-fold Treatment does, as is fully proved by the reports on this page—all genuine extracts from letters in my possession and open to inspection at any time.

THE LIFE-WORK OF JOHN HOUBEN

by C. LANG NEIL *Author of "Modern Health," "Modern Physical Culture," "Training," "Walking," etc. Late Manager of the Sandow Institute of Curative Physical Culture, for many years the greatest Health establishment of its kind in the world.*

For more than 30 years it has been my privilege to watch the work and career of Mr. John Houben, now Managing Director of the well-known British firm of Manufacturing Chemists, Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd.



MR. JOHN HOUBEN; whose remedial methods have made his name famous throughout the length and breadth of the Kingdom.

My acquaintance with John Houben commenced when we were both young enthusiastic workers for Health and Fitness. We are both still as "**young**" and "**enthusiastic,**" but the intervening years have added something of importance—EXPERIENCE.

If, however, I were asked to describe John Houben in one phrase, I should instantly, without a second's hesitation, say—"Here is a man of 'Understanding.'" Wide knowledge he has. Wide sympathy for all in pain or trouble he perceptibly exudes. But beside these splendid qualities, John Houben is gifted with penetrating power of Understanding which, to my way of thinking, is the greatest merit of all.

In an almost mysterious fashion, he seems instinctively to sense the differing needs of each sufferer who lays his or her case before him. It is to this invaluable, intangible quality that I attribute much of the success which has brought him to the position of leadership in the well-known firm of Hamlyn & Houben—a position in which he is privileged to bring comfort, health, and happiness to thousands of sufferers in the course of every year.

Mr. John Houben further possesses one of the most enquiring minds I have ever known. He is never satisfied with the method of to-day however successful it may be. He is forever studying cause and effect in the conditions responsible for the ailments which still scourge modern civilisation. He is ceaselessly probing after new knowledge gained either by others or himself which can be made of practical use in the alleviation of the troubles for which his firm supplies the remedies.

As a result, he is a veritable living encyclopædia of health knowledge—I say Health knowledge rather than knowledge of illness, for to John Houben, illness is something which should not be, and shall not be if he can find a way to eradicate it.

You who read this may therefore rest assured that if you entrust your case to Mr. Houben, you will be in the hands of a sympathetic friend who really UNDERSTANDS your health trouble and who, in prescribing for your individual needs, will give you the full benefit of all his experience and research and leave no stone unturned with a view to restoring you once and for all to perfect health.

Dangers of Nasal Catarrh

The worst danger of all for the sufferer from Catarrh is that sooner or later the whole blood-stream becomes poisoned, with the result that there come Headaches — head noises—buzzing sounds in your ears—run down tired feeling — phlegm dropping into throat—nose blocked by mucus or incrustations—voice hoarse, husky, weak—tendency to catch colds easily—sneezing or coughing—loss of sense of smell, taste or hearing—indigestion—flatulence or heartburn after eating—muddy-looking or pimply complexion — energy and vitality impaired — constipated — unpleasant breath — "nervy" depressed feeling. If you have any of these symptoms you should take action at once.

The organs primarily affected by Catarrh.

DEAFNESS & Head Noises *caused by* CATARRH

Deafness, one of the most trying afflictions which can befall a man or a woman, is most frequently accompanied by, or follows, catarrh.

At the back of the nose, two tubes, the Eustachian Tubes, lead to the middle ear, to equalise the pressure on the ear drums. When you blow your nose too hard, you can feel the pressure in the ears. It is very common indeed for catarrhal infection in the nose to spread along these tubes, causing inflammation which closes them completely, thus upsetting the balance of pressure on the ear drum. This is the usual cause of hardness of hearing, and if the trouble spreads to the inner ear it may cause complete deafness. Pressure on the nerves of the ear also causes the sensations of "ringing in the ears," head noises, etc. As previously explained, it is folly to treat the ears alone for a disorder which runs throughout the system.

The letters below, all open to inspection, show how Catarrhal Deafness can be overcome when Catarrh is banished by the John Houben Treatment.

NO HEAD NOISES

"I have always had to have a week or two in bed, but not this year. I am pleased to say I have not been so well for a long time. I feel so much better in myself, and it is so nice to have no head noises, and I can hear so much better."

E. T., Chertsey.

HEARING RESTORED

"I wish to state how much I appreciate the good it has done me. Considering that I have suffered from Catarrh all my life, the benefit I have received in the short time is surprising. The hearing of my left ear was almost gone, but I am pleased to be able to state that it is almost normal again."

E. I., Hebburn-on-Tyne.

BENEFITS ARE PERMANENT

"You may remember that some time ago I took your Treatment for Catarrh, the result of which was perfectly successful, and I am pleased to be able to inform you that I have remained free ever since from this trouble." P. E., Billesdon.

WARNING

Never neglect Catarrh, which leads to DEAFNESS, and serious LUNG TROUBLES. It saps vitality, shortens life, spreads misery and illness everywhere. For your own sake—for the sake of your family and friends—apply for the free supply to-day.

Chartered Accountants' Certificate

Proves Benefits of Houben Treatment

● An eminent firm of Chartered Accountants, after investigation, certify that satisfactory results were obtained in more than 93 out of every 100 cases treated by Mr. John Houben.

● This fact alone should prove to any sufferer that it is well worth while to post the free trial Coupon below.

Post This Coupon

For FREE Instant RELIEF

—also Mr. Houben's GUARANTEE to END your Catarrh for Good and ALL

SEND NO MONEY—SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT has been made for FREE INSTANT RELIEF FROM CATARRH

TO BE POSTED ON RECEIPT OF THIS ENTITLING FORM.

To MR. JOHN HOUBEN (Managing Director), Messrs. Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for my Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble under legal guarantee of success or no cost.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
(Please Print Clearly in block capitals)

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

J.B. 4/2/39

Bush Buttons are *always* IN TUNE TONIGHT

ON this grand Bush receiver, five of your favourite programmes are always "In Tune Tonight". And when I say "In Tune", I don't mean *almost* in tune. Bush are particularly proud of the reliability of their buttons — they're in tune and they stay in tune.

But perhaps you don't know exactly what this Bush Button Tuning is. I can tell you straight away that it's more than a passing fad. Most of us listen only to four or five stations at all regularly, and these are just the stations you have your buttons tuned to. You simply press the appropriate button and there's your station perfectly tuned — and in no time at all!

It's a terrific convenience I can tell you. And while you've only to press another button to switch yourself back to ordinary tuning, I find I hardly ever want to. And I don't suppose our tastes are so very different.

Call at your Bush Dealer — he'll *show* you what Bush sets can do!

Bush . BUTTON RADIO

FROM 9½ GNS.

ALL-WAVE MODEL P.B.51 A 5-valve (inc. rect.) Superhet for A.C. Mains. 8 Push Buttons — 5 controlling Medium and Long wave stations of your own choice (within broad limits) and 3 waveband selectors. Clear, station-calibrated tuning dial.

10½ GNS. CASH *or on popular payments*

For prices in Eire apply to *Distributers for Eire*:—R. Marks Ltd., 27, Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

THE SYMBOL OF RELIABLE RADIO

POST THIS COUPON (in ½d. unsealed envelope) to Bush Radio Ltd., Dept. J.B. 231, Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4. Please send me full details of the Bush P.B.51. Also name of nearest Appointed Dealer.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Long Acre, London, W.C. 'Phone: Temple Bar 2468. Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 4, 1939.

JOHN BULL

A British Institution

STRAIGHT FROM . . . . . . THE SHCULDER

Open Door for Trade —and Peace

NOW for a big trade push! Britain depends for her existence on imported food and raw materials. We cannot buy them unless our exports flourish. Our ships are idle unless world trade is active.

Wish success, therefore, to the Anglo-German trade talks. British and German industrialists getting together to find ways of increasing trade between the two countries. Efforts also to cut out uneconomic competition while maintaining friendly rivalry.

"Good Old Days"

No need for one country to seek trade at the expense of another. The busier we all are the better. The man who's doing well is a good customer. He who's doing badly is a poor payer.

Look back to the pre-war period. "Good old days" we think them now. Figures for that time show that British and German trade rose or fell together. Let's make them rise together now.

Harmony First

But remember this: Trade depends on confidence—above all, confidence in peace. No lasting good can come from trade talks unless political harmony is assured.

So start political talks, too. Our Prime Minister has extended the hand of peace to Germany. It's for Germany's rulers to grasp it.

Square Deal All Round

A square deal for the railways! That's a slogan we're all hearing now. M.P.s, back at Westminster, will hear much about it, too, in the coming weeks.

John Bull is all for a square deal—but it must be a square deal all round. Among other things, a square deal for road workers!

The trouble with our transport system is lack of co-ordination. No one knows this better than those who work on the roads.

Level Wages!

Highways controlled by scores of local authorities, placing different values on the same labour. Cases where men paid different rates for the same work within a distance of eight miles. Wages may be as much as £1 a week less for a similar job only ten miles off on the same highway.

A square deal all along the line, if you like. But make it a square deal all along the road as well!

"Every Man His Due"

Prison reform is one of Parliament's biggest Bills this session—and rightly so. But prisons aren't the only institutions that need reforming. M.P.s should get to work on workhouses, too.

Those in prison are usually society's enemies; inmates of workhouses are often only society's victims. No one expects a workhouse to be like the Ritz. But to every man his due.

Not So Grand

In Croydon Public Assistance Institution, his due should include half an ounce of margarine a day. But he has not been getting even that.

The only fine thing about this institution is its name—the "Queen's Homes." Inmates must chop wood all day, go to bed at eight. You might think bed would be welcome after a day spent like that. Try it—on leadlike suet pudding for food and a bag of flock for bed!

Driven to River

Terrible evidence reaches us of autocracy in administering relief to the destitute. Worst case that of Mrs. Margaret Dillon in the Hamilton district of Scotland. Police found her at the river about to commit suicide. She and her four children had been seeking relief because they were starving.

Turned Down

For four days she called at the authority's office. But turned away each time—no one would deal with her case.

Yet known all the time that the family had neither a crumb of food nor a coin to buy it! Five souls wrung by soulless bureaucracy!

Fill those Trenches

One little girl killed, two of her playmates injured, when an A.R.P. trench collapsed at Edinburgh a few days ago.

Fill up the trenches, those memorials to panic-stricken bureaucracy!

If we must have trenches—and we think that deep bomb-proof shelters would be a thousand times more useful—give us proper ones, passed by experts.

"Rabbit-warrens"

Just look at these human rabbit-warrens. See how they are waterlogged, their sides crumbling, their steps cracking.

Note that many were hastily dug in exposed places. In war, they would waste lives instead of saving them. In peace, they will cost the lives of many children unless they are quickly filled in.

Now read our exposure of the whole A.R.P. muddle and folly on page 13.

You're Cheated

Let's have more genuine compassion and less fake charity! To suppress bogus charities must be one of Parliament's first tasks. The good-hearted public is cheated out of £3,000,000 a year by these rackets.

Stop this fraud on the benevolent!

Adopt John Bull's remedy. Make it a criminal offence for anyone to collect money without a police permit. Grant such permits only after stringent investigation.

Clip Their Wings

And act quickly! The horde of dud charities, scenting danger, want to cash in before Parliament moves. Enlisting collectors at fantastic rates of commission—12s. in the £ in some cases. Clip the wings of these birds of prey. Don't let them fly off with the swag!

M.P.s Wake Up

M.P.s, thanks to John Bull's revelations, are waking up to another scandal—the abuse of the money-lending-cum-credit system of check trading. Talk of legislation to cope with it.

Tragic evidence of how poor are overloaded with debt by this system, and of savage working conditions imposed on touts and collectors by some of the firms concerned.

Scandal aggravated by appearance of speculators, who buy up checks from harassed housewives at 12s. 6d. in the £, adding a crushing burden to already crippled debtors!

B.B.C. is Liked

The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! That's the rule of justice. It ought to be the rule of the radio, too. Britain has always thought so. More and more foreigners are coming to our view.

Requests from abroad that more stations should transmit B.B.C. news bulletins in foreign languages. So four further transmitters being used.

Clear the Air

Yes, clear the air! Let's have nothing but the truth. But let it be the whole truth also—the whole truth, that is, except for genuine State secrets. Don't use the Official Secrets Act to hush up official errors that the public ought to know about.

Confine that Act to its original purpose: to safeguard the State from foreign enemies! That will be the call of a National Union of Journalists' conference at Birmingham this month.

That call must be answered. We're supposed to breathe the pure air of freedom! Keep it pure!

Unnecessary

Testimony in Court should be truthful. But comment, too, should be relevant. It's time this was learned by Dr. F. J. O. Coddington, Bradford magistrate.

Dealing with a case in which breaches of the licensing law were alleged, he said it seemed that the witnesses for the defence were all liars. Then he declared: "But as they are Irish, I will leave it at that." That remark was quite irrelevant.

Chicken Puzzle

Why does a chicken cross the road? We've all fallen for that one in our time. But here's a new teaser: How can a chicken cross the sea, and still fetch top price as home-bred?

Answer: When the little tab on its leg saying "Imported" comes off. And it can—so easily.

Easy, too, to stop this deception. Insist that all imported poultry have one leg removed below the feather-line. Then the housewife would know what she's buying.

Britain's Shame Schools

CHILDREN, blue with cold, huddled in wooden-hut schools—flooded playgrounds—pools of water dividing the classrooms.

That is the scandal troubling the parents of Hayes, Middlesex.

There the population is increasing faster than the plans of the drowsy county council. All the existing schools should be extended, new ones built to save youngsters having to journey three or four miles to receive education.

But that crazy economy at the expense of the younger generation is not confined to one town or one county.

Ten years ago we started a campaign against the "pigsty schools" where health is menaced and modern methods of teaching made impossible.

We told you that 1,200 schools were unfit. To-day 1,000 of them are still on the official black list!

In some, rats run about the class rooms. In others, the inkwells are regularly frozen in winter.

Some of them are so dilapidated that there are fears that traffic vibration may cause them to collapse. Hundreds are damp, without proper sanitation or ventilation.

Many are regularly condemned by medical officers.

Well, many builders are unemployed. Set them to work on new schools; give our youngsters—the nation's greatest asset—the safeguards that are their right.

Make every school a model!

New school at Ilford—mode of what every school should be

Voice of the People

I AM a typist in a City store.

A policeman and a postman brought into our shop a sweet little girl who couldn't have been more than fifteen. She had been run down outside by a bus.

One of our assistants pulled a sheet over her, and I realised then with indescribable horror that she was dead.

She was so young to die so suddenly and so terribly. I can't get out of my mind how many hours must have passed before her parents got to know the agonising truth, or what they thought.

It has brought home to me so much that JOHN BULL has written about road dangers. I realise now such words are meant as something more than interesting reading. Do, please, keep fighting for safer and still safer roads.—Miss L. V., Waddington Avenue, Great Barr, Birmingham.

Every day four school children are killed by road traffic. 1,500 a year. Think of it!

Written Off

From Baroness Von Der Goltz I have just received figures to show that church attendances have actually gone up in Germany. There is more baptism, more confirmation, more Communion.

As this is the absolute reverse of what we read in our newspapers, who is to be believed?—George E. Rogers, 1, Central Buildings, Westminster.

The dear Baroness is a very prolific letter writer. We hear from her, too. She paints a very Elysian picture of modern Germany. We will be chivalrous and say it is all—propaganda.

Rail Rates War?

Throughout all this talk about a square deal for the railways, one question remains unasked—and therefore unanswered.

It is this:—

Suppose the companies are given what they call a simpler system of classification of goods charges, will they indulge in a price-cutting war with road transport?

What other reason can they have for changing the scale?—Road Transport Manager, Luton.

Railway companies will not admit that they would ever take part in a rate-cutting war, but their spokesmen admit that change of scale "might result in some rate-cutting."

Fell Guardian

Every winter's night at nine, no matter how deep the snow, how cruel the blizzard, the village cobbler of Bainbridge, Yorks—"Jamie" Metcalfe by name—goes to the village green with an ancient buffalo horn, turns towards the wild moors, and blows three echoing blasts.

He then completes the custom laid down in the old-time laws of the Forest of Wensleydale by waiting for any wayfarer who might be lost among the fells.

For 25 years he has fulfilled that duty—always unseen by human eye because of the darkness of the night from the Feast of Holyrood in September until Shrove Tuesday. But he trudged through the snow in daylight specially to oblige the readers of JOHN BULL.—Sydney Moorhouse, 28, Queen Street, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Muscles Come First

Boxing and cricketing ability have been among my greatest assets in life.

They led to a physical instructor's job during the Great War, followed by work as a sports officer, a highly paid ranching position in the Argentine and most of the lucky breaks I have had since.

Firms will overlook your inexperience and take you on because you fit into their cricket team!

Perhaps it shouldn't be so—but it is.—R. K., Lavender Cottage, Hillborough, Kent.

Happy to Retire

Eleven Old Age Pensioners work for my firm. All but two could be independent of the £2 9s. wage they draw.

One is a bachelor, owns four houses. Another lives with a son and has a 15s. war pension in respect of another son. A third owns ten valuable acres, inherited £600. A fourth owns a poultry farm and land and a house worth 24s. weekly.

Wouldn't it help unemployment if such Old Age Pensioners were weeded out of large firms?—G. H., 20, Byron Close, Newark, Notts.

Why should payment of a meagre 10s. pension give the State the right to hound any man out of a job? Given a fair pension, many scores of thousands of old people would be only too happy to retire. In any case, we hate the Means Test for the unemployed—and certainly don't want to see it extended as a condition of holding your job.

Make Bigamists Pay

Prison is the wrong sort of punishment for bigamists.

Make them responsible for life for the financial upkeep of the women they "marry."

They won't be so ready then to deceive a woman in order to get her small life-savings.

These duped women can rarely hope to make a happy marriage after they have been tricked.—F. R. S., King's Road, Chelsea.

Excellent—except for that type of bigamist who wants to be responsible for the upkeep of the bigamous wife, but not the real one. 83 per cent. male bigamists are of that type.

Never Say Die

There are more than 29,000 people in the Soviet Union who are 100 years old or more, according to a foremost Russian scientist.

Here, in this country, there seem to be few of them.

In my opinion, the trouble in this country is that people tend to resign themselves to the end when they reach the age of sixty-five or so.—W. Leonard, Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

Centenarians were as common as milestones in Britain 50 years ago. Now, they are certainly very rare. The reason: Our births records now go back just over 100 years, and we no longer take seriously the claims of people with failing memory who imagine themselves much older than they are.

Chair at "Yard"

Scotland Yard, I hear, can get the truth out of a suspect by putting his eyes at a lower level than that of the interrogator.

For this reason a suspect is asked to sit in an armchair barely 12 in. from the floor.—J. McDonald, 57, Capri Road, Addiscombe, Surrey.

Scotland Yard official whom we approached searched building but couldn't find such an armchair anywhere. A person interrogated can choose any chair he likes—sit on a desk if he prefers. However, one Yard man seems to remember reading the height-of-eyes theory in a novel.

"Improvement"

I have just been called on to give financial assistance to a friend.

He bought a little corner shop that was doing quite well. Then his local council decided to take over the two roads that met at his corner.

The "improvement" has cost him nearly £80, and has pretty well ruined the business. What "improvement!"—S. D., London, W.13.

There are four ways in which an authority can take over a street. Under the Public Health Act it can summarily do the job and then compel frontagers to pay up. Using the Private Street Works Act, it gives frontagers a right of appeal. A merciful authority can raise the money from frontagers (1) by instalments, or (2) by a private improvement rate.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

VILLAGES, BEWARE THE OCTOPUS!

Says Reader G. Hart

Out reach the long red tentacles of cities and their suburbs, squeezing the life-blood from our lovely villages and all the food-growing soil about them.

Greengrocer Hart, of Rugby, realised this tragedy of our countryside as he covered the miles on a cycling tour. The result, he thought, will be that the very land on which the city depends for food will soon be city itself.

The way he expressed that thought in words was in his *Bullet*, IT'S ONLY A VILLAGE, YET—HELPS FEED "DEVOURING TOWN." It brought him £25 a few days later—and £25 takes a lot of making in the greengrocery trade.

The way you express *your* thoughts in *Bullets* may well prove just as profitable—or more so. Indeed, see what a splendid Pension-plus-Cash prize is waiting for a few words on page 39 this week.

Tiny Letter Beats £200

MR. A. E. WADE, of Wakefield, who is on the board of a local hospital that is one of the most important in the North of England, wrote to "Voice of the People" recently.

You may remember the letter, in which he regretted that although his hospital gave excellent wages and conditions, and in some cases allowed them to live at home, it still couldn't get nurses.

Now Mr. Wade has written us again to tell us that JOHN BULL has solved the hospital's problem. This is what he says:—

People who earn a living by bringing matters before the public never pulled off a more glorious coup than did with my letter to JOHN BULL on January 14, 1939.

Within 48 hours of that letter appearing in JOHN BULL we had shoals of letters from girls in every corner of the British Isles.

As a result, all the nursing accommodation of the hospital has now been filled, and I have countless applicants awaiting engagement.

I have spent hours and hours writing to would-be nurses who enclosed a stamped addressed envelope.

In my gratitude, I am thinking: What better proof could you have as to the tremendous "pull" of JOHN BULL?

One tiny letter, which I am afraid you tucked away in a corner—yet it has done for us what £200 worth of advertisements in nursing journals and local weeklies failed to do.—A. E. Wade, Fall Lane, East Ardsley, Wakefield.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

PEACE—

What has happened to the documents which Mr. Chamberlain brought home from Munich?

—the Next Important Steps

THE international ocean is swept by great storms. Captain Chamberlain has taken his ship Appeasement into port. There she waits for better weather before she starts out again.

But he **shouldn't wait! Already four months have** elapsed since **the Munich conference saved the world from** war.

Mr. Chamberlain **then believed in the worth of that** document, **signed by himself and Herr Hitler, in which the** British and **German nations pledged themselves to seek the** settlement of **all their disputes by peaceful means.**

He then **proclaimed "Peace in our time."**

Now he **urges this country to make itself "ready for war."** Appealing for **National Service he declares that the Govern**ment's proposals are **"necessary for our safety."**

This does **not mean, he adds, that he thinks war is coming.** But he thinks it **may come.**

It does **not mean for a moment that Britain would ever attack** anyone, would **start a war itself. But we might have to take part** in a war started by others. We might be attacked ourselves.

Everyone knows that there are only two countries which might start a war in which Britain would have to fight. They are Germany and Italy.

These are the two countries which, long before Munich, the Prime Minister set out to appease.

Is something going wrong? Is appeasement failing?

Let us take stock. Let us see what has happened since Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier, Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini met together.

Three storms have arisen since then to lash the waters of the international ocean.

THE FIRST BROKE OUT WHEN, AFTER THE ASSASSINATION OF A GERMAN DIPLOMAT IN PARIS BY A JEWISH REFUGEE, THE GOVERNMENT RENEWED ON A TERRIBLE SCALE THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

At this a wave of horror ran over the whole humane world. Many who had sought conciliation with the German Government were driven to feel that men who could order such mass cruelty were beyond the reach of conciliation, did not want to be conciliated.

LATER, to express the resentment of the German Government at foreign criticism of its actions, there came in the German newspapers a counter-campaign.

A SECOND STORM BROKE OUT WHEN, WITH LITTLE WARNING, ALL THE ITALIAN M.P.S ROSE IN THE ITALIAN CHAMBER AND DEMANDED THAT FRANCE SHOULD SURRENDER TO ITALY THE ISLAND OF CORSICA, THE COLONY OF TUNIS, AND THE TOWN AND TERRITORY AROUND NICE.

Backed by a campaign in the Italian newspapers, the demand was repeated day after day.

The French retort was natural. They replied not merely with a stiff refusal to entertain any of the claims, but also with a symbolic visit to Corsica and Tunis by the Prime Minister, M. Daladier.

THE THIRD STORM IS SPAIN. THERE, AFTER THE ILLUSORY WITHDRAWAL OF 10,000 MEN, MUSSOLINI SUDDENLY INCREASED TO GIGANTIC AND OVERWHELMING PROPORTIONS THE AMOUNT OF HIS ASSISTANCE TO GENERAL FRANCO.

Disturbing enough in itself. But many people thought it was made peculiarly sinister by the fact that at the same time Mussolini was representing himself to the British Government as a man who wanted nothing but peace.

Those are the storms which have driven Mr. Chamberlain's ship Appeasement into port.

Those are the developments which lead Mr. Chamberlain to appeal to the people of this country to join in National Service so that the nation may be "ready for war."

AND SO THIS IS A TIME, DESPITE THE ANXIETIES AND THE DIFFICULTIES, WHEN IT IS NECESSARY TO PROCLAIM ONCE MORE THE FAITH OF THE PEACE-MAKERS.

It is not less true to-day than it was last autumn that war is a crime and a folly.

It is not less true to-day that every single dispute between nations can be settled to their infinitely better advantage round the conference table than on the battlefield.

Nor is it less true that defeatism, the abandonment of effort, hopeless resignation to the worst, can only increase the dangers.

Those are the rocks of truth about peace and war which stand out for ever above the ebb and flow of hope and fear, confidence and anxiety.

Take your stand upon those rocks, and you will be serving your country and your fellows well.

There is one further truth which Mr. Chamberlain has proclaimed himself. Peace does not come, he has said, by sitting and waiting for it, but only by working for it.

We would remind him of those words at a time when danger and difficulty seem to many to be closing all the possible doors.

FOR IN THE VIEW OF "JOHN BULL" THE NEED FOR ACTION WAS NEVER GREATER. THE ISOLATION OF RUSSIA, THE ADVANCE OF EXTREMISM IN GERMANY, THE TENSION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ITALY, THE CRISIS OF SPAIN—THESE ARE IN ONE SENSE BARRIERS TO SUCCESSFUL ACTION. BUT IN ANOTHER THEY ARE THE VERY REASONS WHY ACTION IS NECESSARY.

IT is true there is no use—there is indeed danger—in courting failure, in exposing oneself to certain rebuff. But there are many courses of action with a good chance of success.

M. Bonnet, for instance, has declared that France is willing to join a conference. And British influence could be used to persuade both France and Italy to settle their disagreements speedily by negotiation.

Italy has dropped the absurd claim to take possession of Nice and Corsica and Tunis. She is demanding, rather, some share in the administration of Suez, a change in the status of the French port of Djibuti—the prosperity of which depends on trade from Abyssinia—and an agreement to cover the rights of Italians in French Tunis.

These are not immense claims about which either side would dream for a moment of fighting a war—not if they keep their senses. And Britain could help to see that they do.

Then there is Spain. Britain can repeat the appeal to General Franco not to drench Spain in any more innocent blood. She can, with friendly firmness, hold the Italian Government to the speedy fulfilment of its promise to withdraw all its troops from Spain.

Thirdly, there is the great economic field.

Recently there was a burst of activity in this field. It resulted in the signature of the great Anglo-American trade agreement.

BUT since then there has been no more activity, no further sign of action.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TAKING THIS AGREEMENT AND THE OTTAWA AGREEMENTS AS THE BASIS OF A GREAT WORLD DRIVE TO FREE TRADE FROM ITS SHACKLES, SO THAT THE STANDARD OF LIFE AND THE MATERIAL WEALTH OF ALL THE PEOPLES MAY BE RAISED.

If trade agreements and low tariffs are good between Britain and America, between the nations of the British Commonwealth, then they are good for all peaceful trading nations.

There is a last field of policy where JOHN BULL would like to see British activity. Even if Herr Hitler did not exist, there would still be a good case for carrying out fundamental reforms in the British colonial system.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT GIVE A LEAD TO THE WORLD BY DECLARING THAT ALL BRITISH COLONIES WOULD BE HELD IN TRUST FOR THE COMMON BENEFIT OF ALL PEOPLES, AND THAT NO EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES FOR BRITISH TRADERS WOULD IN FUTURE BE RESERVED.

That is a programme that could be attempted with a genuine chance of success.

It is a programme that would meet with a wide response wherever people long for peace.

And there is no nation where the people do not lon for peace

Your carelessness is a constant temptation to Britain's—

TEN-SHILLING BANK CLERKS

Handling thousands of pounds—for ten shillings a week!

"DON'T you trouble to send your savings book up to headquarters. I'll look after it for you," a former postmistress told simple villagers of Long Crendon, Bucks.

Every year for fifteen years she told them the same thing. It was no bother, she always explained.

She was right—for the "little service" to careless depositors enabled her to rob the Post Office Savings Bank of £1,900.

Full investigation of her defalcations is incomplete. More than £1,900 of depositors' money may have found its way into her pockets.

How did this woman go undetected for fifteen years? How did she deceive one of the most efficient, highly organised banks in the world?

Because her friends trusted her. Because they all thought they knew her—and because they were careless.

There are 11,000,000 depositors in the Post Office bank. Deposits total £517,000,000.

And there are 22,872 sub-postmasters and sub-postmistresses in the country—14,270 men and 8,602 women.

MILLIONS of pounds in the savings of working-class people pass each year across the counters of village general shop post offices.

That money must be safeguarded. What one unscrupulous woman in Long Crendon, Bucks, could do for fifteen years, thousands of other poorly paid, overworked post office servants could do also—given the same dishonest intent.

JOHN BULL gives this reassurance to depositors: In all defalcations of this kind the loss is borne by the Post Office; the depositor does not suffer.

There has never been a case like that of Long Crendon in the whole history of the P.O. Savings Bank.

Still more important, the record of integrity among auxiliary postal servants is beyond reproach. Not one in tens of thousands falls to temptation.

But temptation is always great. When it is increased by slackness on the part of depositors—then there is danger that the Long Crendon affair may be repeated.

Regularly the postmistress's accounts were checked as they came in from Long Crendon, and there were no discrepancies. Apparently she was performing her duties in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

The Authorities did not know that the villagers each year passed to her their savings bank books, instead of sending the books direct to the bank headquarters for annual inspection and calculation of interest.

The postmistress kept the books, and herself added the amount of interest each depositor was to receive.

There was no opportunity for the Savings Bank department to check the books. Otherwise it would have been found that the amounts handed over by depositors and credited in the books had never been paid into the bank. They were pocketed by the postmistress.

Only when a woman of the village became suspicious of the kindly postmistress, and forwarded her bank book to the department from another post office, was the first of the falsifications unmasked.

Within a few hours the Post Office machine was working and fifteen years of fraud was pitilessly revealed.

There is proof enough of the carelessness of the nation's small savers. More than 55,000 deposit books are lost every year. A special Lost Book department has had to be created.

THERE are also about 70,000 inactive accounts, with total deposits amounting to £1,000,000.

Other questions arise from the Long Crendon prosecution. And they must be answered.

Is the whole system of small sub-post offices organised on a sound and satisfactory basis?

Thousands of sub-post office workers throughout the country are receiving scandalously inadequate payment for the services they render.

"We are galley slaves of the Post Office"—that was a statement made at a recent conference of sub-postmasters. Sub-office assistants might be required to work ten hours a day for a wage of 10s a week, it was said.

A postmistress in a Hampshire village who pleaded guilty to stealing £12 of Post Office money received a weekly wage of 14s.

For years the Post Office "galley slaves" have been agitating for better pay and fairer conditions. They receive no consideration.

Paid on a miserly scale, they are responsible for thousands of pounds of State money. Temptation is always before them. Wonder is that the instances of fraud and robbery are so few.

Says the Post Office, when it is told "You are a bad employer":

"Sub-postmasters and postmistresses are contractors to the General Post Office. They are paid on a scale according to the business done in their offices. As the work increases, their pay increases.

"It would be absolutely impossible to have a fully established post office in charge of a civil servant in the small villages of Britain."

In its mean, pernickety way the Post Office relies on your buying a quarter of tea when you go in for a postage stamp. The 22,872 "galley slaves" are paid on that principle.

Of course, the proprietor of the little general shop will accept far less than his rightful due for postal work because of his chance to do a bit of extra business, says the Post Office.

That, in plain language, is the scandal of the whole organisation.

ONE English sub-postmaster receives £900 a year. He is the "limit" man, quoted as showing the heights which sub-postmastering can achieve.

But the people JOHN BULL does not forget are the poor struggling village traders—elderly men and women, who serve the State with sweated labour.

We do not forget that there are 17,000 part-time postmen and postwomen in Britain, many of whom receive wages of 9½d. an hour.

And we do not forget that last year the Post Office made a profit of more than £10,000,000.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

News from Nowhere

He seized me by the buttonhole,
His eye wild as could be,
And with one hand my ear he spanned
And muttered this to me:
"Oi! I'm the bloke who knows a bloke
Whom Hitler's wife once knew;
And so I can disclose the plan
Of what he means to do!
"He's conquering Russia Tuesday next,
And, two days later, France,
And then, if we will not agree——"
Just at that moment, Chance
A uniformed attendant sent,
Whose wink made all things plain.
To Dottyville on Hokum Hill,
My friend returned again!

BUT that commodious establishment is too small to accommodate all the citizens with straws in their few remaining hairs who are turning Britain into a vast whispering gallery.

Never has the jitter fiend been so ubiquitous. Rushing from place to place, he litters the whole country with rubbish in the form of demented rumours.

Sometimes his second cousin's boy friend works in a Soho restaurant whose proprietor (naturally) is kept fully informed of Mussolini's secret plans.

At other times he knows a chap whose sister knows a cove whose wife empties the wastepaper-baskets at the Foreign Office.

Always he knows for a fact that Mussolini is going to help himself to Tunisia when it isn't looking, and that Hitler is due to invade the Ukraine by way of the Polish corridor on April 1.

Muttered into one furry ear after another, the yarn gathers trimmings en route—all leave in the Swiss Navy is cancelled, or the Eskimos are building forty-seven new armoured sledges.

Indeed, the time has come to proclaim the Stock Exchange an ancient monument or a national beauty spot, so that rumour-mongers who deposit rubbish in the vicinity can be suitably dealt with

He turns Britain into a whispering gallery—of gloom

—a proceeding which would bring much business to makers of gent's trouserings.

Smith tells the latest lie to Jones,
Jones whispers it to Brown;
Straight Bongo prefs. begin to slump,
And Bungo defs. acquire the hump,
And Pongos tumble down.
To brokers life's an aching tooth,
To jobbers one large tumour,
As sadly on their weary way
To Carey Street they trudge, a prey
To their keen sense of rumour!

Y. Z.

WE BEG TO REPORT—3

Tired of waiting for the "Cobweb Commissions," JOHN BULL is doing their job for them. This week we investigate—

UNEMPLOYMENT

There's a JOB for EVERYONE!

Unemployed agitators chain themselves to the railings of the Minister of Labour's home

AT least 265,000 men in this country are known as the long unemployed.

The wives of some of them are forgetting what a wage-packet looks like.

Wives of the others have never seen one.

Those men are the most pitiable people of all our 1,800,000 workless.

The Unemployment Assistance Board knows their names, because it has them on its files. But that's about all it does know about them.

It refers to them as a class, with the sweeping description of "hard-core of unemployment."

There is something so hopelessly final about that description.

But even more hopelessly final are the descriptions it has applied to sections of them from time to time—"unemployables," "young men who have fast settled down to life on the dole," "the unadaptable," and so on.

This, then, is the organisation that has undertaken an enquiry into "why certain men and women remain unemployed so long."

That enquiry started last June. No report has yet been made.

And because we cannot see the enquiry producing any panacea or even amelioration more ambitious than the U.A.B.'s suggestion, six months ago, for "the stimulation of such activities as clubs, group holdings, allotments and cultural facilities," we have held our own enquiry.

FIRST, we shall introduce you to the most tragic of that tragic class.

Do you remember that day in 1918 when four years of war agony ended?

Bronzed-faced men came back for their jobs. And young lads of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen who had held those jobs for them gave them up fairly willingly.

Poor lads! To-day, at ages ranging from thirty-six to thirty-nine, they number far more victims of long unemployment among their ranks than any other age group.

They had started their careers in trades and professions in which there was no longer any room for them.

Many managed to fight their way into jobs in which they had had no proper grounding—and then came the slump to shake them adrift again.

Many never found real jobs again.

Some never found any sort of job at all.

And always they have had to compete with men only one, two or three years older who, as protectors of their country, deserve its gratitude—even if they haven't always got it.

But let's make no mistake. A nation's gratitude didn't go as far as finding a job for every man who fought for her.

Therefore ex-Service men have a pitiable age-group of their own as far as long unemployment is concerned.

There is another hard-hit age-group—surprisingly enough, the twenty-five to thirty-four group.

Or is it really surprising when you realise that the men whom the great slump robbed of any chance of starting their careers are to be found there?

Those men left school as youths to trudge streets lined by idle works and boarded-up factory gates.

Unemployment is higher in their group than in any other—a lot of it *long unemployment*.

Yes, there are unemployables in that group. And men who don't want work. But not nearly as many as officialdom pretends.

In any case, isn't it stupid to pretend that laziness and other anti-social failings belong to any one generation?

Isn't it more feasible that it all comes from hopelessness, and that that hopelessness was bred in the streets of empty factories and boarded-up gates?

Well, there are some of the causes of long unemployment. We must give more. One can't attempt the cure until one knows the cause.

Let us examine the geographical grouping of the long unemployed.

ON the basis of population, the north of England has scores for every one you will find in the south.

And on the same basis Rhondda has 260 times as much long unemployment—measured in years without work—as Deptford.

In South Wales as a whole a man's chances of becoming a long unemployed man are 53 times as great as in the south of England as a whole, which shows that where the unemployed queues are greatest you will find the men who have stood in them longest.

Yet another way of looking at long unemployment is important in this enquiry.

In the worst of slums live 85 per cent. of the long unemployed. Of Liverpool's 10,000 long unemployed, nine in every ten live in her inner slums.

They have not been driven to those slums through lack of a job.

In Liverpool, 48 per cent. of the long unemployed normally live below the poverty standard; 30 per cent. in deepest poverty.

STUDY of the problem in a variety of cities by the Pilgrim Trust shows that far from poverty being the product of unemployment, unemployment is more often the product of poverty.

The Trust's enquiry showed that the will to work was tied up with housing conditions in a way our Government has never suspected.

Where do these examinations of causes lead us?

In the first place they show what the U.A.B. has never seemed to realise—that most long unemployed men cannot, and must not, be dismissed as men who don't want jobs.

Of the 265,000, two-thirds are out of work for industrial reasons.

For their sakes we must have a redistribution of industries. It isn't right that a Rhondda man should have a 260 times bigger chance of becoming permanently unemployed than a London man.

In the interests of the thousands of long unemployed men in the North the tide of industry moving southwards should be stemmed, then turned back.

But how shall we cope with the existence—in varying degrees—of long unemployment everywhere—even in Leicester, the most prosperous city?

The Government should embark on a large-scale scheme of public works.

The five-shillings'-worth of paint a man puts on his house adds pounds to its value.

Just the same economics affect a Government that maintains properly its docks, roads and canals.

We know that slum conditions kill the will to work.

So let us intensify the drive against the slums. Let us build better and brighter homes. Let us employ men building the homes that will make their occupants more employable!

We know, too, that poverty causes unemployment.

In a poverty-stricken town where a full-grown man's wages are little more than he will get on the dole there are bound to be more men who don't want work.

Hate that spirit, by all means, but don't be too harsh.

REMEMBER that when a poorly paid man is working, his position gets progressively worse according to the number of children he has still at school.

But in a town of such low wage-standards, a man who is not working can sometimes see his position getting progressively better with each non-working child.

Not for the beer he can buy but for the children's shoes he can get, he may prefer unemployment.

If employers who couldn't pay fair wages were made to close down there wouldn't be that excuse for unemployment.

Then there are men who lack the ability to stage a come-back after they have once lost a job, but who are excellent "material" in other ways.

Psychologically, these men, like the men idle because of hopelessness, are sick—and will respond to treatment.

One unemployment feature we have saved till last. *Old men are keeping their jobs better than they used to,* says Whitehall!

We would rather say: "Forced by the paltriness of the Old Age Pension to cling to their jobs, old men are doing so with more success."

But how many of them would prefer, in the twilight of their lives, the leisure and comfort that a decent pension would make possible—and so hand on the jobs to the long unemployed in those tragic age-groups?

LET us hear the wife of a man who has been out of a job six years. She writes:

"As soon as he tells them when he last had a job they say, 'Nothing doing.'

"In that six years I have seen him become morose and a kind of revolutionary. He has no real interest left in life.

"Once he was jovial, but now he doesn't speak. I have caught him in a hysteria of sobbing.

"He has lost his old friends and walks the streets like a sentry.

"Once they sent him to a training centre. They fattened him up. They made a different man of him. But he came back to unemployment—and so he's as bad as ever."

Remember, 265,000 long unemployed men!

They represent 170,000 wives for whom all hope has died.

They represent, too, 275,000 children growing up in homes where unemployment has become or is becoming a permanent state—children growing up to regard idleness as normal.

Yet there could be a job for everyone who wanted it—if the Government did its job thoroughly and if it was a quarter as willing to spend for the workless as it is for rearmament.

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. W. Elliot, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Rent strikes are spreading, and I hold you responsible.

In East London alone, 2,000 people are in revolt against infamous conditions.

One man pays 14s. for two rooms in which the wallpaper hangs like banners because of the damp. His two children have been in hospital with chest trouble.

A woman pays 15s. for two rooms; one of them has no window and in neither can a fire be lit. Three of the four children have had to receive hospital treatment.

In another "home" a dog has caught twenty-eight rats in a week. In nearly all, artificial light has to be burned all day, and the walls are mouldering with damp.

Such allegations are common in all big towns. Landlords, taking advantage of the housing shortage, are holding the nation to ransom.

You have made the evil worse by agreeing to the further de-restriction of rents. You are mocking your own National Fitness campaign by allowing national health to be undermined.

There is a simple remedy: one that I proposed long ago, but which you, in your aloof Olympian wisdom, have chosen to ignore.

It is simply this: that all rents should be based on rateable values, allowing for repairs, dilapidations, and a reasonable profit.

Unless the property was maintained according to certain standards, no rent could be demanded.

Such a law would be the shortest of all the tangled Housing Acts. It would also be the fairest.

It would benefit not only the poor, but business people and the middle class. It would end the landlords' racket.

Above all, it would wipe out the disease dens, and, by lowering rents, allow more money to be spent on essential foodstuffs.

That is the best way to improve Britain's health and Britain's comfort.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. H. Tolerton,
Road Chief, Ministry of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Motorists no longer have to skate on many busy roads, thanks to non-skid surfaces. Yet so important a centre as London's Trafalgar Square has just been relaid with wood blocks, which in wet weather are as slippery as glass.

You make a grant for the repaving of roads when an "approved" surface is laid down. But this is no safeguard, for you actually approve all surfaces—dangerous or otherwise.

In future, ban all surfaces that menace the lives of road-users.—JOHN BULL.

The Members,
Harpenden Education Committee

GENTLEMEN,—Please make a concession to common-sense.

You rebuke parents for keeping children from school during the recent wintry weather, heedless of the facts that the roads were covered with ice, there was no transport, and many children live more than a mile away from the school.

"Difficulties like this should be overcome," you insist.

Now let me tell you something. You are not merely wasting stamps and paper but making yourselves appear foolish.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Desborough,
Royal Life Saving Society

MY LORD,—One of my readers has volunteered to join the Life Guard Corps that will patrol beaches during the summer bathing season. He has already saved two people from drowning, for which he has received an award from the Royal Humane Society.

But because he does not hold the bronze medal granted by your society his offer has been refused.

An example of petty and jealous stupidity, don't you think?—JOHN BULL.

Lady Winterton,
Chiddingfold, Surrey

DEAR MADAM,—So you stand by what you said. You really think it a pity that workless men who have been chaining themselves to railings were not shot when fighting in Spain.

Let me tell you of a young man who lived with his mother at Seaforth. His benefit was totally exhausted; only income was the mother's 10s. pension; they had no fire for days.

He gave his last sixpence to his mother for food and drowned himself. That happened last week.

Something like that happens every week. That is why, though I have no sympathy for Communist demonstrators, I have less sympathy for people like you.

Try going hungry yourself. It might do you good.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir T. Inskip, M.P.,
Minister for Co-ordination of Defence

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—Don't browse over the complaint of Macclesfield silk manufacturers that silk used for barrage balloons is being imported from Japan.

They think they should have the contracts; so do I.

Especially as they, like all other taxpayers, are helping to pay for the rearmament programme, and there are hundreds of unemployed silk workers in the town.

Unless you agree, I shall consider you a fit subject for Bedlam.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Comyns Carr, K.C.,
Chairman, Youth Commission

DEAR SIR,—The wicked waste and exploitation of the young goes on.

That is clear from evidence submitted to you. And if it is shameful that servant girls should have to work 100 hours a week, it is equally disgraceful that highly educated young men should be stopped from working at all.

One man with an honours degree has been jobless for six years. Another has made hundreds of vain applications for work.

A third, after a year's idleness, is paid £2 10s. a week as a relieving officer to ask people how much they spend on food and clothes.

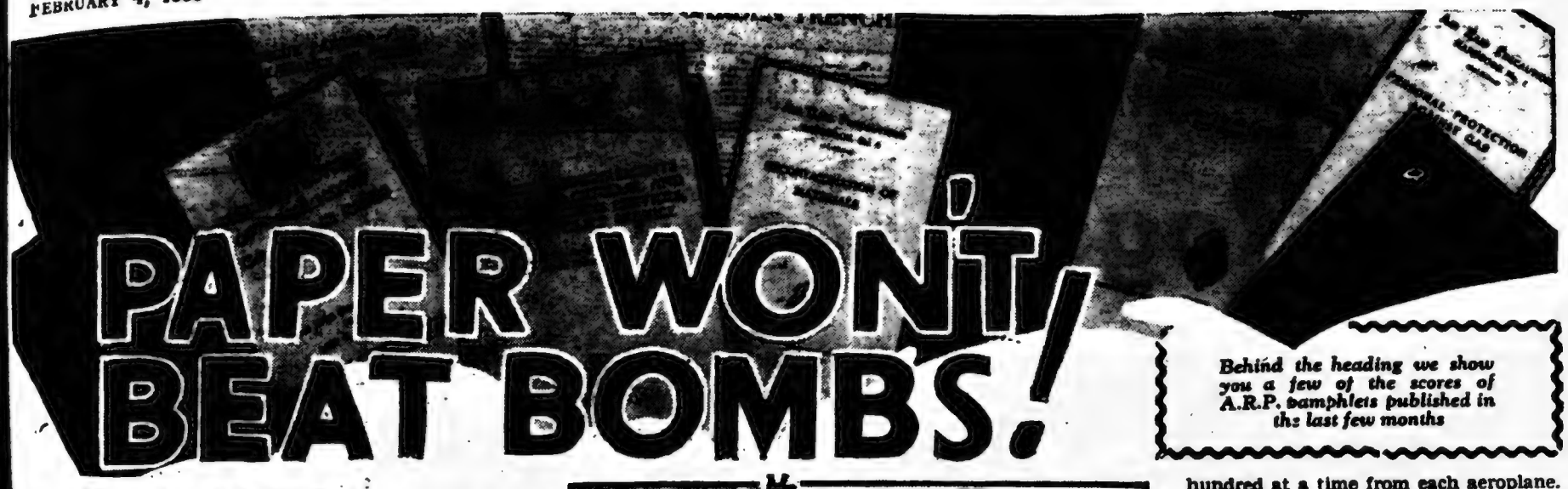
What a crazy system it is that sweats one section of the nation's youth and condemns another to the scrap-heap!—JOHN BULL.

Rev. Cyril Horsley-Smith,
Holland Park, London, W.

REVEREND SIR,—Other parsons will echo your lament at the loss of "congregations of wealthy people" who paid for their own seats in church and contributed to the choir funds.

But what of the churchgoers who cannot afford to pay rent for pews? Too often, I know, they are snubbed or ignored.

You and your fellow-churchmen should find in their genuine devotion and loyalty more than adequate compensation for the loss of wealthy patrons.—JOHN BULL.



PAPER WON'T BEAT BOMBS!

Behind the heading we show you a few of the scores of A.R.P. pamphlets published in the last few months

ARE you worth £5 to the State?

That is what it would cost to insure your safety, to preserve the morale of the community, and to make Britain an impregnable fortress in the event of attack from the air.

So far, the A.R.P. authorities do not seem to think that you are worth that sum. At least, they will not invest £5 per head of population in building bomb-proof shelters.

Foremost engineers declare that sufficient shelters to house all non-combatants in danger zones would cost far less than the £250,000,000 which is believed to be the official estimate. But even if that were the price of safety, is it too high?

It is almost the amount that has to be paid in two years as dole, public assistance and poor relief to the unemployed—who would have to be mobilised to build the shelters, with consequent saving to public funds.

WITH TREASURY LOANS OF, SAY, THREE-QUARTERS OF THE COST, AND REPAYMENT SPREAD OVER FIFTY TO A HUNDRED YEARS, THE CHARGE ON THE RATEPAYERS IN INCREASED TAXATION WOULD BE ALMOST NEGLIGIBLE.

Whitehall's biggest objection to the only sure method of protecting life, however, is not the cost but the time it would take to provide it.

Measured by present standards of progress in A.R.P., the work would certainly take a very long time. Four full months have been wasted since Crisis Week.

In that time, not even the plans for underground shelters have been prepared.

GIVEN THE PLANS, AND AN ASSURED SUPPLY OF WORKERS AND MATERIAL, ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS CAN GUARANTEE THAT IN LESS THAN SIX MONTHS THEY CAN MAKE EVERYBODY SAFE IN EVERY REGION LIABLE TO ATTACK.

What advance has been made in A.R.P. since September, when the civil population found itself practically helpless to the threat of aerial attack?

Practically none.

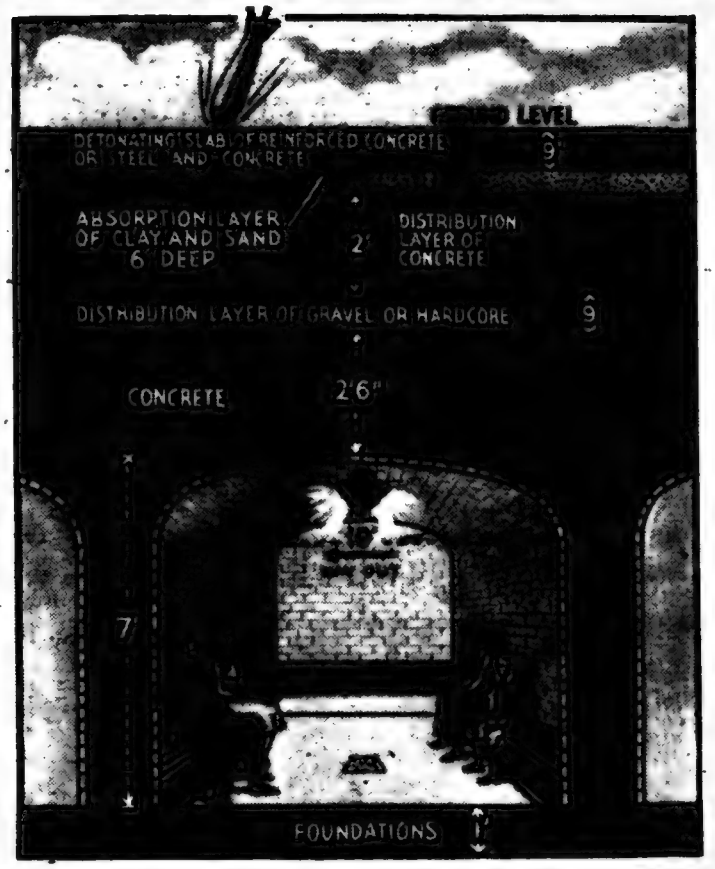
Are you any wiser about A.R.P. than you were in September? Do you know where you could take refuge quickly if the alarm sounded?

Here and there, of course, cardboard containers and pieces of string have been served out for the almost forgotten gas-masks. Natty A.R.P. pennons in blue and gold have been made at the Government's expense to decorate mayors' parlours.

EXTRA filing cabinets have been provided at each town hall to hold the lists of new volunteers—and the letters of resignation from the old ones, who grow weary of waiting to be trained and given jobs.

By far the greatest achievement in A.R.P. has been its output of literature. It comes in tons from the Government printing establishments—charts, diagrams, manuals and pamphlets, one superseding the other, the publication of to-day cancelling out the advice in that of yesterday.

YET, IN ALL THE MILLIONS OF WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN PRINTED, THERE IS NOT TO BE FOUND A SINGLE SENTENCE GIVING THE COMPLETE ANSWER TO THE A.R.P. REQUIREMENTS OF EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE—THE PROVISION OF SHELTERS CAPABLE OF RESISTING THE HEAVIEST BOMBS.



Underground refuges of this type — roofed with layers of concrete, gravel and rubble — were found in Barcelona to provide complete safety and comfort

This page tells you
What You Must Know About A.R.P.

"Get ready for your people to go underground." That is the message to Britain from the Director-General of A.R.P. in tragic Barcelona, which for two and a half years has experienced siege from the air. It was given to British engineers who were able to interview him a few days before the city was captured.

He is the only man in the world who really knows at first-hand what is needed. He was shown an outline of the schemes of the British authorities for passive defence against air attack.

He shook his head.

"We have tried all these things," he said. "None is of any real use.

"In Britain, if you are to save property, you must concentrate on creating a gigantic fire-fighting service. Fire will be your greatest peril.

"Barcelona would have been burned down long ago, not by incendiary but by ordinary high-explosive bombs, if its houses and other buildings had timber floors and roofs and partitions like those in Britain.

"If you are to save your people and to maintain their morale and confidence, there is only one way. Get ready for them to go underground.

"MY advice is that in your East Coast towns you should have many shelters, because in those places people may get no more than thirty or sixty seconds' warning of a raid.

"In districts away from the sea, where several minutes' warning should be possible, large communal shelters with numerous entrances would be best."

Many valuable lessons have come from Barcelona during the time it has been an experimental bombing area for the testing of German and Italian air power.

BEFORE the first appearance of raiders the people of the Catalan capital were taught A.R.P. on lines identical to the British system up to last September. They were told to stay indoors to gum paper on their windows, and so on.

THE FIRST DESULTORY BOMBING PROVED THE USELESSNESS OF SUCH METHODS. HOUSES AND OTHER BUILDINGS FAR FROM THE POINT OF EXPLOSION CAVED IN, BURYING THE OCCUPANTS. THE PEOPLE GREW ANGRY.

Then miles of trenches were dug in parks and open spaces. The slaughter, as the raids increased in severity, was appalling. Hostile aircraft hovered over the streets until they were crowded with people flocking to the trench lines and sprayed them with machine-gun bullets.

Even when the trenches were occupied, the attackers poured death on them in showers of tiny bombs—only 22 lb. in weight—containing little explosives, but made with thick cases which became shrapnel on bursting. These lightweight bombs were sown a hundred at a time from each aeroplane.

Exposure in the trenches, even in the best weather, claimed many lives.

Panic was now seizing the population.

The authorities began to strut basements and cellars—just as we are doing in Britain to-day.

It didn't work. The shelters were deathtraps. Explosions filled them with debris, and there is not a single case of anyone being rescued from such ruins.

When extricated, many were found to have died of starvation. Numbers were burned to death. Others were drowned by the water played on the upper parts of burning buildings.

At this stage of A.R.P. in Barcelona the morale and discipline of the population were broken.

Garden and backyard shelters with roofs of galvanised iron, just like those planned for Britain, were tried next. "Lean-to dog kennels," the Spaniards called them.

They, too, were almost useless. Again people were trapped by debris. Concussion killed many.

REVOLT against the Republican Government was imminent. Fascist, Communist and Anarchist elements in the city exploited the breakdown of A.R.P. and morale.

THEN THE DECISION TO BURROW WAS MADE. IT SAVED THE SITUATION.

First, tunnel shelters, with labyrinths of passages 4 ft. wide and 8 ft. high, were dug. Barcelona began to know safety.

In three months, bombproof shelters, each capable of accommodating up to 7,000 people, were built everywhere. They were quite shallow shelters, with "sandwich" roofs composed of multi-layers of concrete and gravel and rubble.

Entrances were placed every 200 yards. Because water, gas and electricity supplies were cut off at the source when the alarm was given, each shelter had auxiliary lighting and running water.

The morale and confidence of the people were completely restored. They became united and calm.

Until Franco's infantry broke through last week, they went about their affairs normally, knowing that a place of safety was always near. Evacuation of women and children became unnecessary.

THE CASUALTY RATE FROM BOMBING FELL FROM TWENTY PER TON OF EXPLOSIVES TO TWO PER TON!

IT WAS EVEN LESS THAN THAT LAST WEEK WHEN THE CITY WAS RAIDED BY SQUADRONS OF BOMBERS AT HALF-HOUR INTERVALS. THEN PRACTICALLY EVERYONE IN BARCELONA WAS UNDERGROUND.

With adequate defence of its ports, industries and communications, Britain would be invulnerable to any kind of air attack if it had A.R.P. of this kind.

Barcelona paid a terrible price before it learned how to beat the bombers.

Its wisdom is available to us for nothing.

NOT IN THE PRODUCTION OF TONS OF PAMPHLETS, BUT IN THE PROVISION OF "BARCELONA TUNNELS" DOES OUR SAFETY LIE.

YARD INVESTIGATES LONG FIRM RAMP:

Mr. Rogoff Does His Vanishing Trick

Clifford Moore. Was closely questioned by . . .

. . . Judge Stewart at Leeds Bankruptcy Court

A BIG drive by Scotland Yard to end a new epidemic of long firm frauds has revealed again and again the presence of a crafty master mind.

The detectives know him as Philip Rogoff. They know what he looks like—tall and slim, about forty-five, with a sallow complexion that tells of his Polish origin.

But they can't find him.

Before he sensed that he was suspected he could be seen almost any night in expensive haunts in the West End of London, and was usually accompanied by a pretty girl.

Then suddenly he disappeared, but the frauds have gone on, and the hand of Rogoff can be traced in all of them.

Some of his cat's-paws are trapped and punished from time to time, but when the name of Rogoff is mentioned they become silent.

Meanwhile the toll of these frauds is mounting.

Some years ago, when another gang was active, traders throughout the country were robbed of nearly £10,000,000.

By setting up a number of firms these expert criminals are able to juggle with trade references.

Generally, they begin with small orders which are paid for, and then, when wholesalers have been deluded about their standing, they obtain much larger quantities of goods on credit.

* * *

They dispose of these for cash and vanish.

Soon they open up new firms in different names and repeat the fraud on other wholesalers.

The growing swindles which the police are dealing with now are much more cleverly organised than those of the last big gang they tracked down.

It became obvious that someone, keeping well behind the scenes, was planning them with meticulous care, and just when they were completing the evidence to prove it was Philip Rogoff he disappeared.

One of the largest hauls was made a few months ago from a smart shop under the name of "H. Edwards and Company" in Finchley Road, London.

Two shops were rented and altered to provide a wide chromium-plated front.

Soon the windows were filled with attractive displays of furs, frocks and millinery.

Bogus references had been furnished, and in a short time considerable stocks had been obtained from various wholesale houses.

One morning the shop was found to be closed.

"Edwards and Co." had vanished, and so had the entire stock of furs, clothes and hats worth about £5,000.

But they had not gone far. Sheltering behind new names and concentrating this time on furs, they opened another fraudulent concern at premises in London, E.C.

Many more thousands of pounds were raked in before that phantom concern also closed down suddenly.

This time, though, two members of the band, brothers of the boss, named Max and Ike Rogoff, were caught and charged with fraud

Some of the more recent frauds have been staged in the provinces, and always there is the unmistakable mark of Philip Rogoff's nimble mind.

Though, no doubt, he uses many names, he cannot change his tall, impressive figure very easily—and yet he seems to be able to hide himself as dramatically as any Invisible Man of fiction.

They're Back Again

CLIFFORD MOORE and George Alan Fearnside, who ran the big Yorkshire dry-cleaning racket, probably thought they were being clever when they recently became associated with the D.C. Machinery (Patents) Manufacturing Company, Ltd., in Manchester Road, Bradford.

There is not the slightest trace of their names in the registration particulars, nothing, in fact, to give the slightest outward indication of their connection with the concern.

But they are there all right, and, after the chaos they left behind when they slunk out of their last disgraceful venture, it is a great satisfaction to trace them.

Men like this, particularly Moore, who has been bankrupt since 1924, are unfit to be in any business undertaking.

Thousands of pounds belonging to small investors have gone up in smoke in their ramshackle dry-cleaning companies.

In this latest scheme they make themselves out to be salesmen.

Nominal capital is given as £500, but no shares appear to have been allotted.

Advertisements in Northern newspapers urged:

"Start a 'while-you-wait' Exhibition Dry Cleaning Shop in your town or district and make a profit of from £3 to £15 a week by purchasing a Mercury Patent Dry Machine. . . .

For all I know this particular machine may be a perfectly good one, but if it were the best contrivance of its kind in the world I would still advise everyone not to have anything to do with the firm so long as Moore and Fearnside are in it.

It is just like their cool impudence to attempt something of this kind while the disclosures in the Bankruptcy Court of their last ramp are still rankling in the minds of the public.

The moment the case came before him at Leeds, Judge Stewart said the circumstances were such that a most careful enquiry should be made.

Despite all the wriggling of Moore and Fearnside, the whole shameless subterfuge was stripped.

For years Moore had been in one dud company after another, the losses being estimated at about £50,000, before he joined Fearnside in Drakes

Mr. Jack Kaye, of Rawdon, who lost money in Lloyds, Ltd.

(Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., at Old Mills, Yeadon, near Leeds.

Of course, being an undischarged bankrupt, he maintained that he was merely production manager, but that was all moonshine.

When Drakes was crashing, with men who had invested their savings to obtain employment facing ruin, another company called Lloyds (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., was formed and took possession of the mill.

Fearnside was a director of Lloyds and Moore was some kind of manager!

No wonder the solicitor representing the liquidator, turned angrily to Moore and said: "The whole thing, Mr. Moore, is fraud from beginning to end, with you and Fearnside claiming as preferential creditors of Drakes to prevent unsecured creditors getting a penny."

In the end Lloyds, Ltd., crashed, too, but this time the old wangle could not be repeated.

Some of the shareholders, again men who had sunk their savings to secure work, turned Moore and Fearnside out of the mill.

When everything was settled up, there was precious little left for those who had parted with their money.

I warned Moore and Fearnside then that I would keep an eye on their future activities, and they were foolish to imagine they could hide themselves.

Living in Sea of Mud

BECAUSE of quibbling red-tape delay by the Northants County Council, tenants on a new housing estate at Willis Way, Towcester, are living in a sea of mud.

Though the houses were finished and occupied about four months ago, no proper pathways or roads have been made.

In parts the mud is more than a foot deep, and, rather than flounder through it, some of the residents scramble over fences to reach the town.

Those who do venture through the quagmire where the road should be have to carry an extra pair of shoes to wear when they find dry land.

Children have to face this experience every day in going to school.

At night there is not a single light to guide people over the treacherous swamp.

The local council which built the houses had plans ready to start road-making before the houses were completed.

But because something did not exactly meet with their requirements, the county council held up the work!

Since the county authority seems to be so long deciding what it does want, it is the common-sense duty of the local council to get on with the job at once.

The temporary expedient of trying to fight the mud with cartloads of broken bricks and rubble is useless.

Sir Wyndham Childs'

Pastor's New Stunt

MINER and music-hall artiste before he proclaimed himself a divine healing pastor, **Freddie Chilton, of South Shields, is seeking fresh publicity as the saviour of refugee children.**

He has been talking a great deal about his plans for finding homes for them.

When it was pointed out to him that Jewish organisations already had their own arrangements in hand, he said he would look after the orthodox Jewish children.

I think he will find that his gratuitous offers are not welcomed in any direction.

People on Tyneside have not forgotten his preposterous "miracle" claims which JOHN BULL exposed.

According to him, he could make the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and the cripples walk.

But in not a single case, however, could medical evidence of a "cure" be produced.

Help for refugee children is a noble cause, but I don't think "Pastor" Chilton need bother himself.

Public Benefactor

For bringing a grave injustice to my notice, Mrs. N. I. Young, of Ty Gored, Moorland Road, Neath, Glamorganshire, secures this week's £1 1s.

You can write to me on any subject—grievances, scandals, injustices, or frauds.

Mark your envelope: "Public Benefactor," and address to

Sir Wyndham Childs,
93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Special Dossier

The Worst Pension Scandal of All

MR. RAMSBOTHAM, the Minister of Pensions, has just stated in a newspaper interview that no effort is spared to help ex-Servicemen in making pensions claims.

If that is so, I urgently commend to his notice the case of Mr. A. R. Brown of Parkstone Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset. He is crippled by war wounds received in 1917.

No fewer than seven doctors, one an eminent London specialist, have certified that his present condition is due to his war injury.

Yet the Ministry, stubbornly contending that any existing disability is merely "functional," have for six years refuted every effort to secure bare justice for this unfortunate man.

It is about the worst case of its kind in JOHN BULL's dossiers.

Mr. Brown enlisted in 1915, but, as he was engaged on work of national importance, he was not allowed to go into the Army until 1917.

He then joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in France, and was severely wounded in the left shoulder.

The whole of his left side and back were paralysed.

After being in hospital for nine months he was discharged in May, 1918, as "no longer physically fit for war service," and was granted 100 per cent. pension of 27s. 6d. a week.

* * *

Later he tried to resume his old employment as manager of the provision department of a Liverpool shop. It was found he was unfit for the work.

So he invested his meagre savings of about £40 in an umbrella business.

Pressed for money to carry on, he applied to the Ministry of Pensions for a grant.

He was given a final award of £70 in lieu of all further claim to pension.

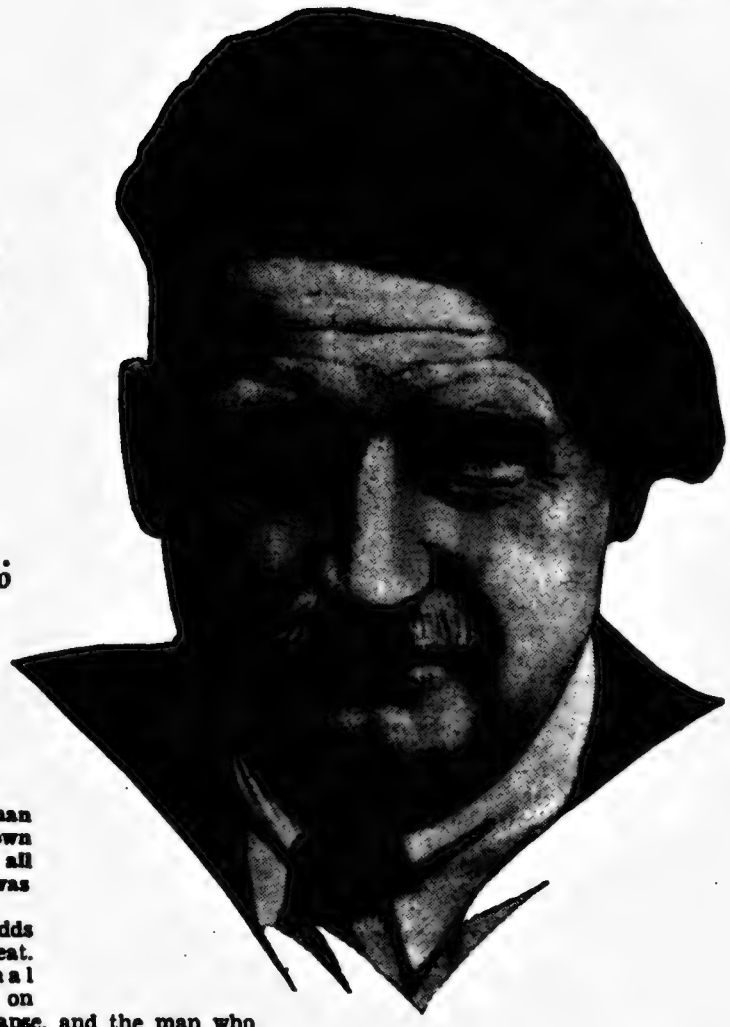
Mr. Brown wanted cash so urgently that he did not contest this decision at the time. After events show clearly that he should have done.

With the £70 he hoped he would be able to pull through, but his little business venture failed and he went to Canada.

There a brother put up the money for him to start a fish shop.

He struggled bravely against increasing ill-health, which doctors found was definitely due to the serious back injury he received in the war.

"I know of no man who has fought so valiantly to overcome the handicap of war injuries, to make a living and establish himself in civil life," wrote one public man who had known Mr. Brown all the time he was in Ontario.



Mr. Brown ... paid off for £70

But the odds were too great. Acute spinal trouble brought on a complete collapse, and the man who had suffered so much in the service of his country was again taken to hospital.

There he remained for five months, and it is important to note that payment for his treatment was made by the Ministry of Pensions through its Canadian office.

Surely this is a tacit admission that his disability was due to war injury.

To-day his condition is worse than ever. He can only hobble about with a stick, and doctors have told him that he can never hope to work again.

While in Canada, and ever since he returned to this country some years ago, he has made repeated applications for the renewal of his pension.

I have on my desk bundles of letters showing how various organisations and prominent public men have tried to move the Ministry, but through them all runs an implacable "No."

* * *

Among the medical men who have examined Mr. Brown and say that his condition is due to his war wound is Dr. Worster Drought, one of the greatest spine specialists in the country.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Brown is trying to make ends meet by taking in boarders.

If there was ever a case calling aloud for the help Mr. Ramsbotham speaks of so proudly, surely it is this one.

Legacy Trap Set for Lucky "Heirs"

ONE of the most despicable of all the tricks I have encountered is being attempted by a concern calling itself Blackburn and Collins, of Buchanan Buildings, Holborn, London, E.C.

Pretending he is the agent for the trustees of a £180,000 fortune left by a bachelor in Australia, its principal has written to a number of people saying they are among the twenty-six heirs.

Then he asks for authority to represent them, and requests "a nominal retaining fee of £2."

* * *

No fewer than twelve of these cruel letters reached me by one post, all received by readers in the Newcastle-on-Tyne district.

They are obviously stereotyped, and the cheaply printed letter heading gives four telephone numbers with the words Melbourne and Sydney, as if there were branches in those places.

"On October 4, 1938," the letter states, "the death was recorded in the town of Horsham, in the state of Victoria, Australia, of Richard Graham Armstrong, bachelor, mine owner and grazier.

"Shortly afterwards his estate was valued for probate purposes at the large sum of £180,000.

"On us, as agents of the trustees, devolved the task of finding the rightful heirs to this estate.

"As Mr. Armstrong was the only child of his father, who emigrated to Australia when a young man, our task has been a hard one.

"Finally, we found the heirs to be descendants of Richard Armstrong's great-uncle and two great-aunts, and known by the names of Jackson, Graham and Armstrong. We find there are twenty-six heirs, and you, sir, are one of them."

* * *

There follows the request for £2 and the assurance that "once we are empowered to act for you, we ourselves will meet all legal expenses."

When I tell you that Mr. Blackburn, who appears to be the whole of the firm, has a small accommodation office, you will appreciate the temerity of his ramp.

The imposing string of telephone numbers on his notepaper are those of the firm which lets these small offices, and most days he just calls for his letters.

I hope that by now it will have been possible for the police to deal with this fee-snatching scoundrel.

10/- Scrap of Paper

J. MEHTA, of Ahmedabad, India, who is trying to persuade people over here to buy his lucky charm for 10s., insists that he is not a fortune-teller, but just an ordinary man.

Nothing ordinary, though, in the things he promises to those who buy his "Wisho Yantra," bequeathed to him, he says, by a Sage to whom he rendered faithful service.

It will bring good luck in "love, friendship, a sort of attraction towards your employers and admirers. It will work for you in a very miraculous and absolutely in an invisible form.

"You will derive sudden benefits in any game of chance, which will make you completely free from your present worries and troubles.

"In fact, you will be quite safe from every accident and danger."

There are three pages of all these wonderful promises—and the charm is just a piece of paper!

You Have Been Warned

"GOOD news for the blind and near-sighted," advertises N. M. Mamm, who describes himself as the famous Indian eye specialist.

He has no recognised qualifications, and anyone who bothers with his secret eye "cure" would indeed be near-sighted.

From Shrewsbury, he visits various towns, including Stourbridge and Kidderminster.

* * *

DOORSTEP rogues are cheating housewives by offering bags of potatoes at what look like bargain prices of 5s. and 6s.

When opened they are found to contain few potatoes and a great deal of straw and soil.

* * *

A SMARTLY dressed young man recently called on householders in Leyton, Essex, and stated that his firm had bought the property.

He explained that in future the rent would be collected on Saturdays instead of Mondays, and, in a number of cases, he succeeded in obtaining a week's rent.

It was not until three days later, when the representative of the genuine landlord called, that the fraud was discovered.

Never pay money to anyone until you are satisfied about their identity.

* * *

MANY enquiries reach me about a gift offer by the Ideal Brush Company, of Prince's Drive, Colwyn Bay, North Wales, to purchasers of their tooth-brushes.

The gifts, it is stated, will be given to those who receive pamphlets bearing certain numbers, which have to be discovered, like a watermark on notepaper.

I have always advised readers that I do not look with favour on these schemes.

* * *

"WANTED—Mission worker, experienced, to represent mission in London; good commission," is the way our old friend "Pastor" Hurst is advertising for new collectors for his bogus charity, the London Evangelistic Destitute Mission.

Mission workers! Touts to take 6s. of every £1 they wheedle out of the public is what he means.

Won't be long now, I hope, before the racket of Mr. Hurst, and many more like him, is ended by the new Charity Collecting Act.

* * *

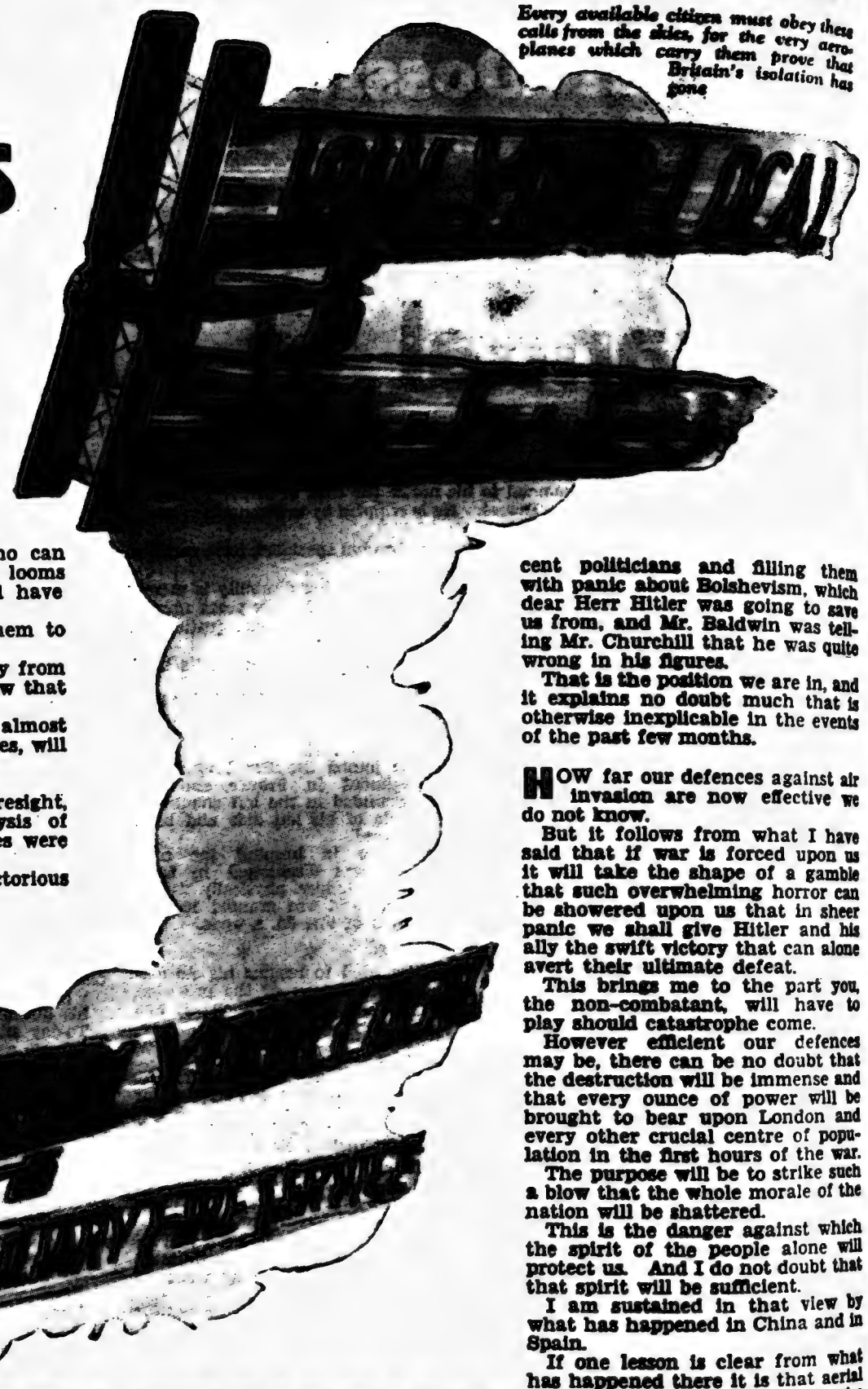
C. SHARMAN, "London's Economic Tailor," of De Beauvoir Road, Dalston, has hit on a new version of the coupon trading stunt.

If you send a 1s. deposit, and *if* you distribute three circulars to your friends, and *if* they carry out the instructions within six days, and *if* you then send another 5s., you are promised a suit or overcoat stated to be worth 50s.

And *if* you take my advice you won't have anything to do with trading methods of this kind.

A. G. Gardiner says:

All Hands to the PUMP!



Every available citizen must obey these calls from the skies, for the very aeroplanes which carry them prove that Britain's isolation has gone

BY this time every available citizen, man and woman who can serve the country in the unparalleled menace that looms ahead should have answered the call, be enrolled and have his or her sphere of duty allotted.

If there are any who are still holding back, I ask them to consider what is at stake.

No rôle is less to my taste than that of the alarmist. I pray from the bottom of my heart, as we all do, that the dreadful shadow that darkens the earth will pass away.

But the issue is not in our hands. The shadow deepens daily, almost hourly, and no one can say when or where the storm, if it comes, will break.

This is not the moment for controversy.

I am not going to discuss by what failures of Government foresight, by what inconceivable diplomatic negligence, by what paralysis of action the verdict of the world war, in which millions of lives were sacrificed, has been reversed.

Nor shall I enlarge on the circumstances in which the victorious Powers, and especially this country, have been manœuvred into their present desperate situation.

That will come later when, I hope, the authors of the calamity will come up for impeachment.

What we have to do now is to face the consequences, and to steel our minds and nerves for whatever lies ahead.

MARSHAL SOULT, after his defeat at Albuera, said that "the English were lions led by asses."

The asses have done their worst. It is for the people to show that they are still lions who can redeem the follies of the asses.

IF WE ARE TO WEATHER THIS STORM, IT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION THAT MUST BRING US THROUGH. IT IS TO THAT SPIRIT THAT I APPEAL TO-DAY.

In doing so, let us look at the facts coolly and fearlessly. They make an ugly picture.

Britain and France are now cut off from Europe beyond the Rhine. With the sacrifice of Czecho-Slovakia Hitler is for all practical purposes master of the Continent, with all the little surrounding countries shuddering under the terror of his iron heel.

Together, Hitler and Mussolini, with England and France holding the ring for them, are completing their conquest of Spain—the Spain where a braver England dug the grave of Napoleon.

With Franco's Spain linked with the Berlin - Rome - Tokyo "axis," France will be enveloped with enemies on three fronts, and the Mediterranean will be a death-trap in which our shipping will not dare to enter.

FOR the rest—Russia? America? Unknown quantities.

It is a grim picture. There is another side to it, no doubt. There are Mussolini's undertakings to Mr. Chamberlain. Time will show what they are worth.

There are the desperate financial straits of the dictators and the growing discontents within Germany.

But these are as likely to give an impulse to new adventures in search of plunder and territory as to exercise a restraining influence.

In any case, it is idle to build hopes on such frail speculations.

I TURN to the other aspect of the case, which more directly concerns the subject in hand. If war comes it will come suddenly.

"I shall strike like lightning, in the night," Hitler has said—and it will have one tyrannic purpose. It must be swift, overwhelming and final, or it fails.

Neither Germany nor Italy could sustain a long war. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini could personally survive a failure to get a quick decision.

Their structures are vast and formidable, but they are jerry-built. Their internal systems boil with hostilities that are only repressed by fear and success, and that would explode with failure.

Their peoples are fiercely divided. Their coffers are empty. And there are those unknown quantities, America and Russia.

All this makes a swift decision vital. There must be no time for the enemy to get his superior resources into play. He must be knocked out of the ring in the first round—at most the second or third.

Such a staggering blow must be struck at the morale of the enemy that he is counted out before he can recover and collect his forces.

This means that the blow, if and when it is struck, will be struck at you—you the civilian population.

It is you, the men, women and children of our towns, who are henceforth in the front trenches of war.

You will suffer the first shock of battle, and it will be your behaviour under the shock that will decide the issue.

The conquest of the air has done two things. It has barbarised war by directing it against the unarmed and the helpless—witness Abyssinia, China, Spain. And it has, for military purposes, obliterated our sea defences.

We are no longer an island. We are as vulnerable to attack as any part of the mainland of Europe.

The greatest target in the world, London, can be reached from Germany in less than an hour.

This is the terrific fact on which Hitler based his gigantic air arm, what time Ribbentrop was hobnobbing so amiably with our innocent politicians and filling them with panic about Bolshevism, which dear Herr Hitler was going to save us from, and Mr. Baldwin was telling Mr. Churchill that he was quite wrong in his figures.

That is the position we are in, and it explains no doubt much that is otherwise inexplicable in the events of the past few months.

HOW far our defences against air invasion are now effective we do not know.

But it follows from what I have said that if war is forced upon us it will take the shape of a gamble that such overwhelming horror can be showered upon us that in sheer panic we shall give Hitler and his ally the swift victory that can alone avert their ultimate defeat.

This brings me to the part you, the non-combatant, will have to play should catastrophe come.

However efficient our defences may be, there can be no doubt that the destruction will be immense and that every ounce of power will be brought to bear upon London and every other crucial centre of population in the first hours of the war.

The purpose will be to strike such a blow that the whole morale of the nation will be shattered.

This is the danger against which the spirit of the people alone will protect us. And I do not doubt that that spirit will be sufficient.

I am sustained in that view by what has happened in China and in Spain.

If one lesson is clear from what has happened there it is that aerial bombardments do not terrorise peoples into surrender.

Their very infamy has, rather, the effect of stiffening resistance. And so I am sure it would be here.

But we must be organised and equipped to meet the blow and turn it. We must not be a mob trampling each other down in panic.

WE MUST BE A RESOLUTE AND DETERMINED PEOPLE, PREPARED FOR ANY PERSONAL SACRIFICE AND READY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE TO SPRING TO THE POST AND FULFIL THE TASK THAT IS OURS.

WHAT that task is each citizen—man or woman—has decided or should decide without an instant's delay.

And having decided they should throw themselves into the work of preparing for the ordeal that may come with the sense that they are not merely fighting for their home and their country, but for the soul of civilisation throughout the earth.

Is there anyone who has not answered the call? If so, let him consider what a figure of scorn and futility he will be should the day come and the maroons be sounded.

Let him consider and go NOW.

MEET GENERAL FRANCO

Plump, 5½ feet tall, "the sort of man you'd never notice"—he holds the scales in Europe to-day

IN the funeral procession of King George V through the streets of London three years ago marched a man whom millions of people saw—and nobody noticed.

Hundreds of Press and cinema cameras were pointed in his direction, but not one of them was focused specially on him.

If there had been any interest in him at all it would have been because he was representing the Spanish Government, round which political storm clouds had been gathering for many months.

But as for the man himself—the name Francisco Paulino Hermenegildo Teodulo Franco was unknown outside Spain and Spanish possessions.

At Croydon the pilots looked at him a little curiously. For here was a brother of the famous Ramon Franco, the Spaniard who flew the Atlantic.

Not even the fact that this passenger for Spain was a comparatively unknown brother of that strangely turbulent air hero who had turned Communist made him less interesting on that account.

And so General Franco, captain at twenty-one, general at thirty-two, and at that moment, when he was forty-two, chief of the Spanish Army, went back to his homeland, and to the menacing storm clouds that were beginning to hang over it in an ominous pall.

If the Spanish Government representatives he met in London had been puzzled by a certain coldness in his manner, as if he had been unwilling to meet them, a certain diffidence about discussing events in Spain, as if everything that had happened there since the elections had been with his disapproval, they hadn't to wait long for an explanation.

In February, 1936, the Popular Front Government in Spain sent him to the Canary Islands as military commander.

It was not banishment. It was the precaution of sending a man whom they didn't trust to a place where he was less likely to be a danger.

Then, on July 17, the storm clouds broke.

The army was in revolt. At one stroke General Mola in the north and General Queipo de Llano y Sierra in the south showed their hands, and started to augment their armies with anybody willing to be actively hostile to the régime.

Strange things were happening in Las Palmas, capital of the Canaries, on that day of uprising.

A British aeroplane was waiting. It had been specially and secretly chartered.

Its British pilot, Captain C. W. H. Bebb, anxious only to get off on his job, became more and more perplexed about what was happening.

HE saw strange people presenting playing-cards at the door of a hotel—and, as if that curious action were some sort of Open Sesame, being shown up forthwith to a plump, unemotional-looking man who barely rose to a height of 5 feet 5½ inches.

And, in the man himself, he detected an air of urgency, of command, as if big things were portended.

That afternoon Captain Bebb rose into the air with the plump, unemotional little man as passenger.

He landed him at Tetuan, in Morocco, the insurgent base throughout the war.

AND from that moment General Franco was in command of the rebellion against the Government he had gone to London to represent, a rebellion which has cost to date, in casualties in the field, assassinations and executions, 1,200,000 Spanish lives.

General Franco. We didn't think him worth a second look when he came among us. We must look at him now.

He's not a very impressive figure—and, to be quite fair to him, doesn't seek to look impressive.

He is satisfied to dress in a cheap khaki uniform open at the neck—with no tie. In the field he sports a red sash as the mark of a generalissimo, and, at his desk, no distinguishing mark at all.

On the dressiest occasions he will wear no more than one decoration, and sometimes none at all.

His chin—well, it is an unconcealed double one. And as for his eyes, you could meet him ten times and then not remember what they look like.

His hair, crisp, grey and curling, is worn just a little longer than the average Guards sergeant-major would permit.

But that, perhaps, is Gomez's fault.

Gomez, you must know, is his barber.

But, if there had been no Gomez, there would be no Franco to-day.

In the days when Franco distinguished himself in the war against the Moors he was the victim of a vicious sabre attack. Gomez intervened and lost his right arm in the process.

Franco made him his batman and has made him more of a confidant than any other man.

When he is in the field, with a lorry as a headquarters, Gomez must stand by with his pockets full of oranges.

For Franco, non-smoker and non-drinker except for the spot of lightest wine he has with his dinner, eats from twenty to thirty oranges a day, and his batman must be his walking fruit-dish.

From this, you might think Franco is a man of intense loyalties. Except in the case of Gomez, he is not.

During the present campaign, for instance, he saw an old school friend among the captives.

Franco strode up to him. "Felipe?" he questioned.

"Yes, Paquito," said the prisoner, using the pet name by which Franco was known at school, "I am Felipe."

Franco gave him a cigarette and then—"Take him away!" he said coldly, and Felipe was taken away to serve a sentence of life imprisonment.

THIS is the side of Franco's character that causes a great deal of alarm among a merciful element in his entourage, an element that would have bygones treated as bygones and the whole of Spain settle down for what—according to their totalitarian views—would be for the good of Spain.

They remember his words, very recent words: "I have 2,000,000 people card-indexed, with proofs of their crimes, names and witnesses!"

He is too determined to be talked out of anything lightly—even vengeance.

There are some who believe the success of his army career was a result of obstinate determination—and over a woman at that.

When he was nineteen, and serving with the Zamora Regiment, he used to wait at a girls' school for a fifteen-year-old senorita, Carmen Polo y Martinez Valdez, daughter of aristocrats.

Sniffingly, her parents decided that he wasn't good enough, wasn't the sort of fellow who would get anywhere.

"We'll see!" said Franco, and then rose to lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, commander of the Foreign Legion, general and generalissimo at a speed never surpassed in a modern European army.

For eleven years he could not meet her—their courting had to be by post. But he waited—and worked.

And at thirty-one, when he was on the verge of promotion to generalship, he married her.

There are two Francos.

There is the Franco with a disdain of swank, with a likeable smile, a great love of his wife and two children.

There is the Franco whose 'planes have torn little babies to shreds.

"I have 2,000,000 people card-indexed, with proofs of their crimes, names and witnesses."

We know which Franco spoke those words.

What matters is: Which Franco will triumph?

CRUSADER OR DEVIL?

The Pope has given him his blessing and invoked Divine favours for his cause. An English Bishop has called him a "gallant Christian gentleman." His followers worship him, and half a million of them have gone bravely to their deaths at his command . . . .

"This fiend incarnate," is what he has been called in the House of Commons. He boasts that he has 2,000,000 people card-indexed for their "crimes," and that all of them will taste his vengeance. His enemies say that he is a sadist, a blood-crazed madman.

Book that Will Save You Pounds

ONCE again JOHN BULL makes a great gesture to its vast circle of readers.

It is a grand new presentation in the form of the latest and greatest of all "how-to-do-it" books.

On the centre pages of this issue will be found full details of this magnificent presentation—"The Home Workshop."

This work is entirely new—a huge volume containing more than 500 pages, 1,000 drawings, diagrams and photographs that show you how to do all those necessary jobs about the house, and to make or mend a hundred and one useful household articles

With "The Home Workshop" the most intricate work becomes as simple as if you had an expert continually beside you to guide your hand.

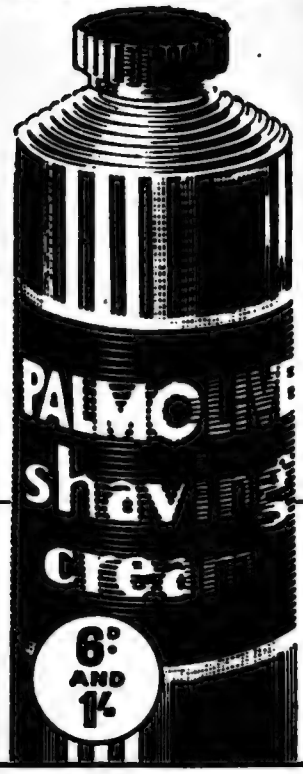
This great new work would be a bargain at £1 1s., yet it is offered to you at an astonishingly low privilege Presentation Price.

Turn to the centre pages at once and reserve your copy of "The Home Workshop" to-day.

SHE HATES A SHADY UPPER LIP ...

She likes a man SMOOTH from the

OLIVE OIL SHAVE



So shave clean, sir. Shave with a cream that's smooth and kindly to the most tender skins. Make it Palmolive. The olive and palm oils that go to its making mean extra lather, extra efficiency, extra-fine after-effects. Start on the olive oil shave tomorrow morning!

5 reasons why Palmolive is the most popular shaving cream

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

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A Revelation

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Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists

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One-ounce moisture-proof packets 9d
'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets 8d. *Two-ounce tins* 1/6

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Trust Snowfire Tablet to soothe sore hands overnight

3D FAMILY SIZES 6D & 7D

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... Owing to its 'LIFE' and richness in Vitamin B, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a splendid GENERAL TONIC and a most effective remedy for

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By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast conquers Indigestion, enriches the Blood and tones up the system in Nature's Own Way. Safe for all ages.

50 Tablets . . . 1/3
Family Size (150) 3/-
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Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

REAL LIVE Yeast without drugs

Is Your Boss SATISFIED with You?

How many bosses realise the importance of industrial psychology?

THERE is a certain manufacturer who considers himself to be among the most progressive employers in the country.

He lets his timekeeper fill up all his staff vacancies from the applicants at the gates—"and within a week," he says robustly, "I soon know whether they are any good or not.

"If they are good, there's nothing within reason I wouldn't do for them. Ask any of my workers. But if they are bad—out they go."

To him, a machinist who makes two mistakes in the first week is too careless for the job. Anybody who has an accident must be got rid of as a positive danger.

People who can't give peak production at once are lazy. Those who lag towards evening are too weak constitutionally.

Harsh? Well, you've got to be, he says. The firm's not doing too well as it is, and at any rate he gives a very good deal to those who are good enough for him.

The firm's not doing too well—and no wonder. For these standards of judging employees are fifty years behind the times.

Because of them he is sacking some of the best workpeople who come to him *within a week*—and keeping some of the worst. And putting the falling-away of business at the door of bad weather and ill-luck.

He represents what quite well-intentioned employers used to be before the term "human factor" had been coined—before science discovered, by going into the psychology and physiology of employees, that it takes a very good boss to make a good workman.

HE is, in fact, the type of employer that is bound to die out for the simple reason that such complete lack of knowledge of the human element is bound to lead him to the bankruptcy court.

Yes, it takes considerably more knowledge to-day to be a successful employer than it did thirty years ago.

The change is a result of the war—or because of what we learned in the war.

Munition workers were made to work at white-heat from early morning till late evening in an effort to give maximum output of shells—and the results were dismaying.

So a Health of Munition Workers Committee was formed. As a result of its studies of the reaction of the human mind and body to industrial conditions, hours were reduced, frenzied working was dropped.

And at last production went up.

What more natural, therefore, that when the end of the war came that committee should become a peace-time body under the title of Industrial Health Research Board?

IT has just completed twenty years of work—twenty years of research into the problem of making the nation's jobs fit the people who have to do them.

And the result—wherever its advice has been followed—is happier workers and more-prosperous employers.

There was a day when every man who didn't appear at once to be a good workman was regarded as a bad one.

Which is nonsense in view of the research board's discoveries.

He may have been given a repetitive process and yet be a man soon worn down by monotony. The job doesn't suit him

He may be too intelligent for the work. Some jobs can't be done properly unless one has the ability to detach work from thought.

The comfortable height of a working bench for the average woman standing is thirty-seven inches—for the average man thirty-eight inches. Yet some employers persist in providing benches too high or too low for the individual worker.

Employers are apt to study lighting from the point of view of illumination only—with no thought of psychological effect.

The general lighting might be bright enough for the job, yet depressing. Patchiness—especially dark upper regions — reduces efficiency.

Or the lighting may be turned on too late. Efficiency goes down considerably in failing daylight.

In some processes spectacles should be worn even by normally sighted young workers—not as a substitute for good lighting, but to encourage visual discrimination.

Then heating and ventilation are more important than many industrialists imagine.

Absence was found to be 34 per cent. greater from badly ventilated places than from well-ventilated rooms.

In shell-making, accidents were found to be fewer at 67 deg. Fahr., the number rising by 35 per cent. as the temperature went down to 52 deg. Fahr., and by 23 per cent. as it mounted to 77 deg.

Manual dexterity started to fall at 55 deg., and fell sharply below 50 deg.

In fact, temperature was found to affect production by as much as 12 per cent. in roller mills and 41 per cent. among miners.

In many factories it was found that temperature at head level is 8 deg. or so higher than at feet level, producing cold feet and reduced efficiency.

One of the most surprising facts concerns accident-proneness. It is that three-quarters of the accidents recorded in this country—in factory, home or on the road—keep happening to one-quarter of the people exposed to risk.

This truth is so general that it even applies to specks of dust in the eye.

Not all the factors governing it are known, but quickness of the muscle reaction has been found to be important.

Then there's the question of noise. Some workers are affected by it, some not.

IT doesn't have to be a loud noise to reduce efficiency. Some people are most distracted by noises because of their persistence, unfamiliarity or the fact that they can't be located.

A high-pitched sound can produce a form of deafness. And now the possibilities of deafness being caused by low-pitched notes are being investigated.

Some workers prefer din. Some can't do sums properly in a dead-quiet room!

One won't bother about the crying of a baby, but will be distracted by a car hooter. Another will be driven mad because somebody is rustling paper in a noisy room!

Yet the right kind of sound stimulus, particularly of a rhythmic character, can be an incitement to effort.

That is why wireless is being used more and more in the factories and workshops of Britain. The board recommends employers to try a varied programme of dance music as a start!

Strange that there are still employers who say they can't afford to cut down working hours, seeing that thorough investigation shows "loss of output, lost time and increase of sickness in proportion to the length of the working week."

AS to the working day, men start sluggishly before the warming-up stage, rise sharply as they get into their stride, flag in the middle of the shift, put on a fresh spurt as leaving-time draws near, and fall off badly in the last hour.

Study of these curves shows beyond any doubt that with proper rests these fluctuations are avoided and production, therefore, goes up—difficult though it is to convince some employers of the truth of it.

They just don't understand human psychology.

In some cases a ten minutes' rest in the middle of a working spell has given a clear 10 per cent. increase in efficiency. In some processes, in fact, men give better output as a result of four five-minute breaks in a four-and-three-quarter-hour working stretch.

There is twenty years of careful research behind all these opinions, plus the invaluable experience of the war years.

Yet there are still thousands of employers who still won't learn from them, who expect any new worker to give maximum results immediately, whatever the surrounding circumstances.

They themselves are the people who are inefficient—not the people whom they sack.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

WHEN Britain needed him, Terry's father did not wait. He was a schoolboy of 14½ when he enlisted in 1915.

For three years he fought, and when peace came he was a man before his time.

That is what this Canadian soldier did for England. Now, unemployed and broken in health, England is giving him 36s. a week Unemployment pay.

Their father was a hero.

And on that he has to provide for a sick wife and three children, one of them a baby of two months.

Terry recently fractured his forearm. His mother looks after him and the baby as well as she can. She has no time to go out. It would be impossible, in any case—for she has no shoes.

Of her 36s. housekeeping money, rent, insurance and furniture payments take 19s. 6d. every week.

The Parish Priest says the family is worthy of any help that can be given.

Will you do something? We ask readers to rescue this deserving family by sending donations, earmarked "Terry," to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Donations will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

We gratefully acknowledge the 10s. note from "Somerset."

Our Five-Point Plan to Save F

IF "JOHN BU WERE MINIS FOR AGRICUL

FIVE thousand farmers from the eastern counties march on London.

Like the pitiable processions of unemployed from the distressed areas, they stand below the windows of Whitehall in protest against the Government's land policy, which is driving them to ruin.

Could anything be more fantastic, more outrageous, in a country which is rallying for its defence than that its farmers—the men who produce the nation's food—should have to form a beggars' army to draw attention to their plight?

Spokesmen for the National Government, meanwhile, will, as usual, be exhorting the public to store food against emergency.

But the food they mean is not the produce of our English yeomen, but the canned beef, ham and vegetables of the United States and the Argentine.

It is not enough that Britain should have poured into these countries ten times more capital than it has invested in its own soil.

It is not enough that their products should have guaranteed markets here, their prices supported by "rings" and cartels almost without number.

But we must impoverish the British farmer, too, by denying him the protection that is his right.

What has been happening in this country of ours?

Because of Government apathy, of crazy piecemeal legislation, our broad acres, our rich pastures, have become the setting of the greatest tragedy of waste and wantonness in our history.

Since 1921 more than two hundred thousand workers have been forced to flee from the land. They have gone, nobody knows where, taking with them their skill, their inherited knowledge of tilling the soil and raising fine cattle.

Hands that were once so cunning with plough and scythe are now idle or fumbling with the machinery of factories. Farms that were their owners' pride have now reverted to the jungle.

Again, since 1921 three million of Britain's fifteen million acres of agricultural land have become a wilderness of coarse grass, bramble, weeds and bracken.

AND so long as the British farmer cannot get a price for his produce this land and those workers will never be restored to their former prosperity.

Lord Addison recently condensed the problem in a few sentences. He said that the British farmer was compelled to sell for a shilling fifteen dozen graded cabbages that would later be retailed at 2½d. each.

And that a fat bullock, which would yield £42 by the sale of its meat, hide and offal, fetched the farmer only £17.

Not much room for profit here!

Yet in rent, tithes, interest payments and mortgages the farmers of Britain have to find £80,000,000 a year—nearly one-half the annual value of all agricultural produce, stock and cattle.

"Free marketing" is what we call the astonishing system whereby the farmer is rewarded for his work by penury, and the consumer, the housewife with her shopping basket, pours her money into the pockets of the host of middlemen who live like parasites on his toil.

(1) Nationalise agriculture

(2) Finance the farmers

(3) Control produce prices

(4) Rationalise distribution

(5) Improve farm workers' wages and conditions

Of course, the farmer has been bolstered up by doles and subsidies. On meat, wheat, sugar-beet, milk and other products the Government pays out about £35,000,000 a year.

But this money, found largely by the public, is not used to develop the land and increase production and bring down prices.

No! It is used to restrict production and force up prices, not for the benefit of the farmer himself, but for the middlemen and landlords.

In some cases, 18s. out of every £1 has disappeared into their pockets.

Often, too, a subsidy is another name for hush-money. That was proved only a few days ago, when, alarmed by the outbursts of East Anglian farmers who had been forced to sell their barley at bankrupt prices, Mr. Morrison tried to keep them quiet with the offer of a grant of £1 an acre.

EVEN so, the grant won't help the farmers. It will help the dealers to make their own price.

Not less futile have been those other remedies of a Whitehall at its wits' end—the marketing boards, commissions and committees.

Apart from finding new jobs for Civil servants, and more business for Government printers and makers of filing cabinets, they have done nothing.

The net results of three of them can be summarised as follows:

Pigs and Bacon.—Home bacon dropped nearly 500,000 cwt. in the first year of the new scheme.

To maintain any dealings at all between the farmer and the curers costs the country more than £1,000,000 a year.

The allocation and transport plans for the animals are crazy.

A delegate at the recent Farmers' Union told of a pig being sent by train from Cornwall to a Birmingham factory costing the sender £2 15s. It could have gone there as cheaply by passenger train with a ticket.

Milk.—The Board, set up in 1933, buys all the milk and resells it through regional pools. After five years of experiment it was driven into producing the Milk Bill of 1938, which was too much even for the Tory benches to stomach.

It was flung out of the House within a few days of its introduction.

To-day, after five years of working, there are 10 per cent. fewer cows producing milk. The distributor's margin of profit is three times more than the farmer's, and the consumer pays twice as much for milk as he did before the Board came into being.

Meat.—This is largely run by a Commission. The farmer was to be given a bonus out of a Cattle Fund, financed to the tune of £5,000,000 by the Government.

The idea was that this money should be recovered from small duties placed on imported Argentine and other beef.

But no attempt was made to impose market prices. Export bounties wipe out any duties on imported beef.

We can go through a whole list of other forms of agricultural produce, oats and barley, poultry and eggs, and many others for which the Government has produced salvation schemes. And in every case there is the same story of muddle and expense which has achieved precisely nothing for the farmer.

And now all the farmers are in rebellion against these palliatives of subsidies and levies. Every man who works on the land is a born economist. He knows that bolstered prices and artificial scarcity will get him nowhere.

The worker knows it just as well as the farmer.

THE amount paid out in subsidies and levies is enough to give every agricultural worker 30s. a week more. But the majority still earn between 30s. and 35s. a week.

They cannot afford to buy for themselves and families the British beef, butter, bacon and mutton which they help to produce.

By the tens of thousands they live in villages without proper water supplies, electric power or any of the other common amenities of civilisation.

Many of them live under housing conditions which might be considered unfit for farm animals, and their children go to schools which would be a disgrace to a native settlement.

Forty-eight thousand of them left the land last year; and no wonder.

HOW little subsidies and marketing schemes under the present system have helped the farmer and his labourer is shown in the sugar-beet industry.

About £40,000,000 has been handed over direct to the sugar-beet factory owners during the last few years. The object presumably, was to maintain a good price to the farmer which would keep him in business and at the same time enable him to improve conditions for his workers.

But what are the results?

More sugar-beet acreage has gone out of cultivation than wheat land during the past five years.

AND WITH THE SOLE EXCEPTION OF POULTRY FARMERS, SUGAR-BEET GROWERS HEAD THE BANKRUPTCY LISTS AMONG THE SPECIALIST FARMERS.

Not only are the farmers and their men in the hands of the money-spinners, who take their toll of everything they grow, but there are commodity rings which

Farming "BULL" MASTER PLAN FOR AGRICULTURE-

Where the ploughman once tilled the soil, brambles and bracken flourish unchecked

corner the basic needs of every farm.

Artificial prices have to be paid for fertilisers, seeds, cattle foods, machinery. Ten per cent. of the farmer's gross income is spent on these things, and most of the money goes abroad.

It is a fact, vouched for by Ministry of Agriculture figures, that we are importing a greater tonnage of cattle foods and fertilisers than our entire agricultural output.

Can you wonder that the farmer has little left to pay his labourers, allow for depreciation of tools and buildings, safeguard himself against crop failures and diseases—and make a living?

YET there is a way to save agriculture and the livelihoods of the men, women and children who depend on this great industry, the mainstay of all Britain's security.

It is a simple plan. There are five vital reforms that JOHN BULL, if Minister of Agriculture, would carry out at once.

Those five points are:—

One: The complete nationalisation of agriculture as an industry on similar lines to those applied in part to transport and electricity.

The land would be taken over from the owners, who would receive a fair price, based on its value as farming land.

This work would be carried out by a commission which would appropriate all tithes and mortgages that now exist, and then rent or resell the land to the farmer.

At one stroke, this would eliminate the greedy landlord and, to a large extent, the inefficient farmer. Before a man was allowed to farm he would have to prove his ability and his readiness to employ all the advantages of up-to-date methods.

Two: The setting up of a central fund to finance a scientific survey of all farmland and to arrange for the purchase of fertilisers and machinery in bulk for reissue to the farmers.

One duty of the survey would be to determine which crops should be grown in certain localities. Rich arable land would no longer be wasted as pasture, nor light soil, suitable only for fruit growing, be given over to producing scanty crops of vegetables.

Three: The establishment of commodity boards, operating under a national commission for agriculture, which would control the prices of all farm produce, whether home-grown or imported, and which would ensure that the farmer would always get a fair price in good years or bad.

These boards would eliminate the wholesale waste resulting from gluts and artificial booms.

Four: The creation of a distribution board which would arrange marketing, cut out excessive profit by middlemen, and so ensure that the housewife got all the benefits of increased production.

Every fair-sized town would be a collecting and distributing centre for its neighbouring farms.

Produce would not have to be taken long distances, as at present, sold, resold, and then brought back.

FIVE: The setting up of a wages and welfare board to look after the interest of every class of farm worker.

Subject to local reservations, it would establish minimum wages below which no employer dare go. It would end child labour by ensuring an adequate living wage for the breadwinner.

And it would end the evil of the "tied" cottage by providing proper houses for the men of the land.

To-day, thousands of land workers are virtually serfs. Their children may not accept work without the farmer's permission, nor even take advantage of a scholarship.

Even political opinions alone have been regarded as sufficient reason for turning a family into the road to starve.

Those are JOHN BULL's five points for saving our empty acres.

Whatever other countries may plan, we must have better and cheaper food before guns.

A fiftieth part of the money we are now spending on rearmament would be sufficient to put JOHN BULL's land scheme into operation and to guarantee food not only in peace time but in emergency.

Agriculture's need is desperate. Every day that passes without action increases the farmer's plight and weakens the nation's security.

How long must we wait for Whitehall to realise its folly?

WOMEN and CRIME

She had light blue eyes—and an answer to everything

A Vivid New Series by LOUIS MANSFIELD

When murder is revealed in all its subtlest cunning, when love is scorned or greed laid bare, detectives look for—a woman

No. 1—NURSE BORGIA

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT G. W. DOWNS, of the Nottingham City Police, looked up from the desk as Detective-Inspector Albert Pentland strode into his office.

"Ah, there you are, Pentland!" he greeted. "Just the man I want to see! I've got a little job for you!"

"What's on?" the detective queried.

"I don't know—yet!" the superintendent answered. "But it looks as though someone in this town is anxious to get rid of someone else's body as quickly and quietly as possible! And I'd like to know why!"

"What does that mean?"

"Have a look at this and you'll see!" The superintendent held out a document headed "Miss Ada Louisa Baguley, Devon Drive, Sherwood, Nottingham. August 29, 1935."

"I desire to be cremated at my death," it ran, "and it is my wish to remain with the nurse. *My last wish is my relatives should not know of my death.*" It was signed, Ada J. Baguley!

"She doesn't seem to care much for her family," Pentland remarked, as he handed it back. "But it's rather funny a woman should make a mistake in signing her own name! And I see the note itself was written by a different person from the one who signed it!"

"You're right! Still, there may be a perfectly legitimate reason—she might have been too ill to write the whole thing! But that's only the half of it! Now look at this!"

He passed over a letter which had been written in support of an application for permission to cremate Miss Baguley's remains.

ACROSS the face of it was sprawled: *Please return this letter on account of the Baguley's!*

"The nurse who sent these papers in," the superintendent explained, "is the proprietress of a nursing home at Devon Drive. Her married name's Leach. But she usually goes by the name of Waddingham—sometimes she uses other names as well! Incidentally she describes herself as a State Registered Nurse. But she's not—she's got no right to a degree of any sort!

"This Nurse Waddingham wanted Miss Baguley's body cremated as soon as it could be managed. It was to be done as quietly as possible, and no one was to have charge of the body but herself—it was to have gone straight from her nursing home to the crematorium!"

"You say 'was!'" interjected the inspector. "Wasn't the cremation held, after all?"

"No. Dr. Cyril Banks, the medical referee, thought it advisable to refuse permission and the body's been buried since then. The cause of death was certified as being due to cerebral hæmorrhage. And the certificate itself is in order. Nevertheless, he sent all the papers along to Coroner W. S. Rothera. It was he who mentioned the matter to us!"

"And what do you want *me* to do?"

"I WANT you to make a few discreet enquiries and see what's at the back of all this! Everything may be all right. And then again, it may not!"

After leaving the superintendent, Pentland interviewed Dr. Banks, Coroner Rothera, and the undertaker who was to have had charge of the cremation.

None of them could add substantially to what he already knew.

He did learn, however, that Nurse Waddingham had conducted a number of similar homes at various addresses in Nottingham. Ostensibly these were for the care of aged and infirm people as well as those considered "incurable." Four women had died at Devon Drive during the previous twelve months. One of these was Miss Baguley's mother, Mrs. Louisa Baguley, an old woman of eighty-seven, who had passed away on May 12.

When Pentland called at the nursing home he found that Nurse Waddingham was small and plump. She was about thirty-four and had a fresh complexion and light blue eyes.

"I've called in connection with the late Miss Ada Baguley," he explained in answer to her query. He spoke very disarmingly and tried to make his visit seem the least important thing in the world.

"It's just a purely routine matter. You know, of course, that we have to ask a few questions in every case where a cremation certificate is applied for. Did Miss Baguley ask you to undertake the arrangements for her?"

"YES, of course she did! As a matter of fact, I'm her executor. She left everything she owned to me and to a man who works around here. I even prepared the note she left in which she asked to be cremated. I wrote it out at her dictation and she signed it."

"Oh, I see!" Pentland remarked, trying to throw her off her guard. "That explains everything satisfactorily. But about this will you mentioned. Did she make that shortly before she died?"

"Oh, no. She had that drawn up properly by a solicitor some time in May. On the seventh, I think. You can get the exact date from the firm which prepared it."

"I don't think that will be necessary. Do you happen to know whether she had any near relatives at all?"

Nurse Waddingham hesitated. "No, there aren't!" she said at last. "I believe she has one or two very distant ones, though.

"I've heard her speak of a distant cousin. However, I think she lost touch with everyone before she came here to us, from Burton Joyce, last January!"

Pentland got the address of the firm of solicitors and also Miss Baguley's old one in Burton Joyce. Then he asked one or two casual questions and left.

He made a beeline for the lawyers.

(Continued on page 24)

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P.7

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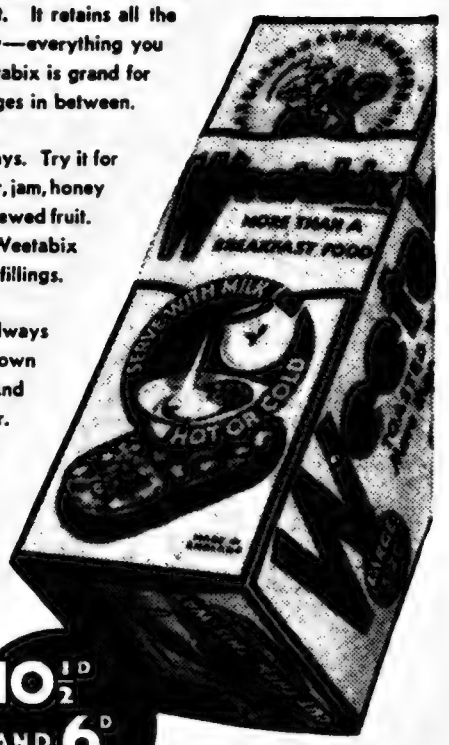

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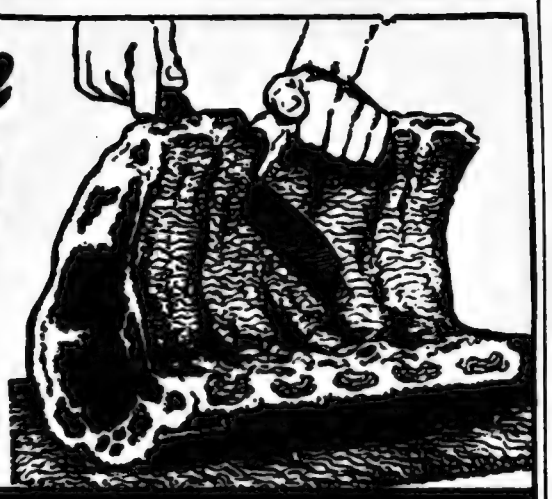

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WHEN you drink Rowntree's Cocoa with your meals it actually helps you to digest all your other food as well! How? Because it's made by a special "predigestive" process. Serve Rowntree's Cocoa at breakfast, supper or any other meal. You and your children will enjoy your food better and get more goodness out of it. What's more, Rowntree's Cocoa will enable you to eat heartily without that haunting fear of indigestion.

* * *

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ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

continuing "Women and Crime"

"They Had to Die"

When he came to examine a copy of the will he got a surprise.

According to this and to certain other documents which the solicitor showed him, Miss Baguley had owned property worth £1,600 which she had inherited from her father. But her ownership was subject to life interest payable to her mother.

"H'm, a bit of a coincidence!" the inspector thought when he saw it.

"If Miss Baguley had died before her mother, Nurse Waddingham couldn't have inherited anything—at least, not until the old lady died!

"While there's no will, Mrs. Baguley's all right. But, when a will is made on May 7, Mrs. Baguley dies on May 12. So there's nothing to stop Nurse Waddingham getting the property if anything should happen to Miss Baguley—which it does! Quite a coincidence!"

WHEN he reached Burton Joyce the detective found that, despite what he had been told, Miss Baguley had left a number of near relatives.

And most of them had been to visit her at the nursing home fairly frequently! Not only that, but Nurse Waddingham had often written them letters on her patient's behalf and kept their addresses in a notebook for easy reference.

None of these relatives had been notified of her death until it was too late for them to attend the funeral!

Pentland questioned them all very closely concerning family quarrels. All maintained that, apart from one or two bickerings, things had been just as placid as in any other family.

"Well, is there any reason why she wouldn't want you to come to her funeral?" he asked one member.

"There's no reason why *she* shouldn't want us to come," was the answer. "But I can think of plenty why Nurse Waddingham wouldn't like it!"

"Oh, and what are they?"

"Well, I never did care for Nurse Waddingham. Somehow, I never trusted her. I've had some very nasty letters from that woman. And so have the rest of us. She's warned us to keep away from the home!

"When Ada and her mother, Louisa, went there in January they arranged to pay 30s. a week each.

"She said she was losing more than £1 a week on it and wanted to put the price up.

"She kept bringing the matter up, and, when they still refused, she made them a proposition. She said she'd go on keeping them—and losing money on it—if Ada would sign over all her property! They were to stay there until they died and she was to collect afterwards!"

"That's rather a remarkable sort of deal," Pentland commented.

"Yes! I thought so, too! Ada looked as if she was good for another twenty years at least. If she lived so long, Nurse Waddingham would have lost a packet of money.

"The only way she could make it pay would be for Ada and Louisa to die soon after the will was made. *And that's what they did do!*"

Inspector Pentland was intrigued at what he had heard! He realised, of course, that the deaths might have been perfectly natural.

He got in touch with Coroner Rothera and arranged to have Ada Baguley's body exhumed.

The post-mortem examination revealed not the slightest sign of cerebral hæmorrhage! Death had been due to morphine poisoning!

Pentland had Mrs. Baguley's body exhumed also.

She, too, had been poisoned with morphine!

When he questioned the doctors who had signed the death certificates he found that neither of them had suspected any irregularities.

In the case of Ada Baguley, the doctor had not arrived at the nursing home until several hours after she had died.

Nurse Waddingham had given him what purported to be a lengthy and accurate description of the symptoms. These tallied exactly with the symptoms of cerebral hæmorrhage.

The condition of the body also agreed with such a finding. So, naturally, he had signed the certificate as such.

Pentland interviewed Nurse Waddingham. He told her of the post-mortem findings and asked why she had told him that Miss Baguley had no relatives.

"I said it because Ada liked to think she had no relations," she explained.

"She didn't get on with them. They were always quarrelling with her and wanted her money. So she cut them out of her life altogether and considered they didn't exist!

"And, as for morphine poisoning! That must be a mistake! She couldn't possibly have been poisoned. She's never had any morphine—unless someone brought it in to her!

"A woman named Rose came to see her the afternoon before she died. *She* might have brought it in!"

"Well, tell me. Did you administer any medicine to Miss Baguley before she died?"

"Yes, of course! I got a prescription made up at the chemist's that I thought would relieve her."

She stopped for a moment and then started again: "Perhaps that's how Ada got poisoned. When I went to the chemist's, Leader—that's the manager—was out. So his assistant made it up for me. Perhaps the assistant made a mistake and put morphine in the bottle!"

"That might have happened," the detective conceded. "But what about Mrs. Baguley? Did she ever take morphine at all?"

"Yes, she used to have it regularly in her medicine. When she came here she brought her old doctor's prescription with her. She used to have it made up and I gave it to her when she required it!"

Pentland thanked her and went to see the chemist.

"I *was* here when Nurse Waddingham brought that prescription!" Leader exclaimed in answer to his enquiry. "I took it myself. And *I* made it up—it was a harmless one!"

"What about Mrs. Baguley, then? I believe her regular medicine contained large quantities of morphine!"

"We'll soon see!" Leader said as he reached for his prescription book. "No, that's not correct! It contained only a little chlorodyne—that's all. The slip was signed by Dr. Frank Jacob, of Burton Joyce."

"Did Nurse Waddingham ever get any morphine from you?"

"Yes, quite a lot! She's dealt with me for years, and I've always thought her a reputable nurse. But, of course, she had to have a proper doctor's prescription."

Next Week: Mass Murder by Arsenic

WHEN he looked up the Burton Joyce doctor, Pentland found that Dr. Jacob had never written a prescription for Mrs. Baguley since she had entered the home.

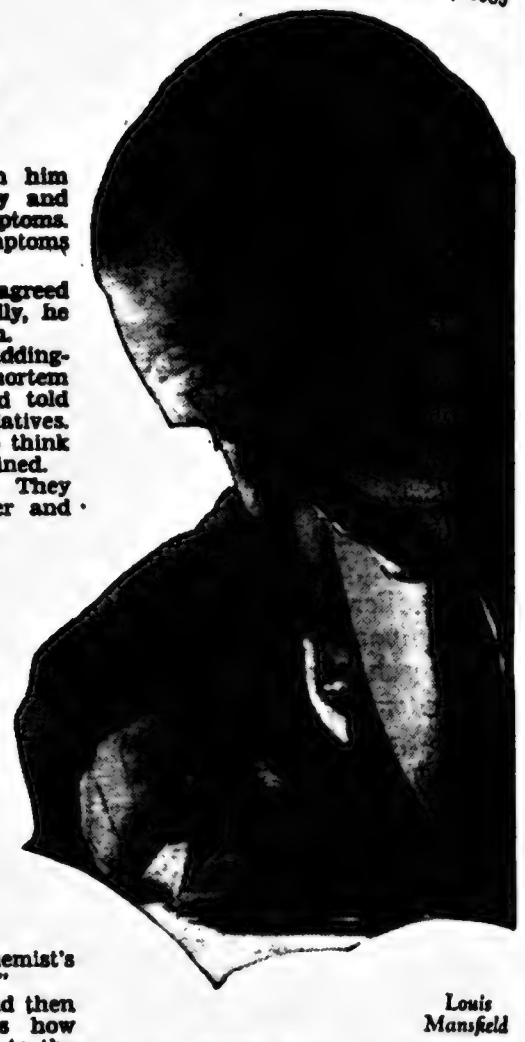
"Why," the doctor expostulated, "I wrote that prescription more than twelve months ago. And I issued it for use once only! Somebody must have altered it. Otherwise, no chemist would have continued to make it up!"

Another doctor was able to throw light on some of the drug purchases.

"Yes, I prescribed heroin hydrochloride for a Mrs Kemp and also for a Mrs. Harwood, patients of Nurse Waddingham," he admitted.

"But here's a funny thing about those tablets. Whenever I order a dangerous drug for a patient I always keep as close a track on the doses as possible. And, when it's no longer required, I get back from the nurse whatever happens to be left over.

"When Mrs. Kemp died I asked Nurse Waddingham for the remaining tablets. But she gave me only four—and they were not in the bottle—they were loose! When I spoke about the others, she said they got spoiled when she broke a hypodermic syringe. She claimed the fluid ruined them.



Louis Mansfield

"AFTER Mrs. Harwood's death she returned only six tablets. I wasn't quite sure how many she had, because I didn't know she'd got a new lot. But I did know that if she'd been following my orders properly she ought to have had many more than those left over.

"However, she said that was all there were. So I had to take her word for it!"

"If she returned only ten of the forty tablets she must have had thirty left—that's fifteen times the fatal dose!" Pentland remarked. "I wonder what she did with them. Or, do I!"

When he questioned her, Nurse Waddingham claimed she had administered the remaining tablets to the Baguleys under doctor's orders.

The doctor proved she hadn't.

So she stated the doctor himself had brought morphine into the home for her patients.

Again the doctor proved she was lying.

Finally, she admitted administering morphine to Miss Baguley, but stated the doctor had told her to give half-grain doses every six hours before death.

Dr. Roche Lynch proved that Miss Baguley must have consumed nearly five grains of morphine within four hours of her death.

Confirmation of the case against Nurse Waddingham came in quickly after that.

However, the inquest on the bodies had to be held up for several months.

The shock of exposure was so great that Nurse Waddingham became seriously ill—hysterically ill!

BUT when the inquest was resumed at last, Pentland's case was so complete the coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against her and the man who worked at her nursing home.

The two came to trial in February, 1936.

The man was acquitted without any evidence being offered against him.

But the nurse, who will go down in criminal history as Nurse Borgia, was found guilty and paid her debt on the scaffold—a victim of cupidity who was trapped by a shrewd detective!

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With the help of your doctor's prescription

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THE finest dogs in the world will be at Cruft's on Wednesday and Thursday (February 8th and 9th). And they're 'plus' dogs. Their owners, experienced breeders, would tell you that regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is the sure way of keeping your dog really fit and happy whether he is destined for the show bench or your fireside.
Regular conditioning was first introduced by Mr. Bob Martin over forty-seven years ago—Bob Martin's Condition Powders are as much an institution in the dog world as Cruft's Show itself!
Read below what four of the Judges at this year's Cruft's say about conditioning with Bob Martin's. Follow their advice. Begin today to give your dog his 'one Bob Martin's once a day' and soon you'll see a wonderful difference in him. He'll be healthier and cheerier than ever before. He'll be a 'plus' dog!
In packets 6d. and 1/- from all chemists and dog-food shops.

'VERY BEST I HAVE EVER USED' I have used your Condition Powders regularly for many years, and can safely say that they are the very best I have ever used. I am pleased indeed to recommend them—H. Scott, Meriden, Manor Road, Taunton, Somerset.

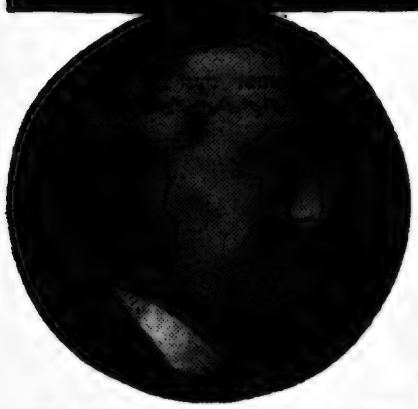
MR. H. SCOTT. *Famous Breeder and International Judge of Cocker Spaniels.*

'GIVES DOGS LIFE & BRIGHTNESS' Our dogs have to travel hundreds of miles from our kennels in Scotland to attend shows and I can honestly say that they would not maintain their winning form without their regular Bob Martin's.
There seems to be something about the powders that gives dogs life and brightness. Ch. Golfhill Eclipse is a case in point—as a youngster he was difficult until we started his Bob Martin's, when 'up went his tail'. This dog's amazing record to date should be sufficient testimony for any dog-owner.—A. Badenach Nicolson, Glenbervie House, Drumalithie, Kincardineshire, Scotland.

MR. A. BADENACH NICOLSON, *well-known judge and Breeder of the incomparable 'Glenbervie' Cocker Spaniels.*

MR. CHRIS. HOULKER *(left) has been breeding dogs for half a century, and ranks among the greatest living judges. Since 1919 he has officiated at Cruft's on no fewer than eighteen occasions.*

MR. SAM CRABTREE—*whose photograph you see below—is also a well-known figure at Cruft's, having been a judge at this famous show for 19 years since the war. With over 60 years' experience of dogs, he is recognised as one of the world's foremost judges.*



'VAST STRIDES IN THE FITNESS OF DOGS'
When I was attending dog-shows more than forty years ago people were just beginning to talk about some wonderful new Condition Powders that were being sold by a man named Bob Martin. Within a few years the majority of breeders, including myself, were using them; and now, regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders has become an important part of the routine in almost every kennel. It is certain that the vast strides forward in the fitness of the world's dogs are due to a great extent to the universal habit of regular conditioning with Bob Martin's. I congratulated Bob Martin on his Condition Powders personally in those far-off days. I am pleased to be able to make my tribute public to-day.—Chris. Houlker, Avenue Parade, Accrington, Lancs.

'THE RULE IN THE WORLD'S LEADING KENNELS' It is many years since I first felt moved to send a testimonial to Bob Martin. During the intervening years we have seen regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders become the rule in the world's leading kennels. In India, America, Africa—in fact in every country I have visited, I have heard nothing but praise for the Bob Martin preparations. What I felt when I wrote that testimonial so many years ago, I feel to-day.—Sam Crabtree, Fallsworth House, Lostock Road, Urmston, Manchester.

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

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makes hair look dull and ordinary

Use this **HAIR DRESSING** *that ends Dry Scalp*

DOES your hair feel dry? If so, watch out! It can easily lead to scurf, dandruff, falling hair and eventual baldness. That's Dry Scalp.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long!* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and *look* smarter.

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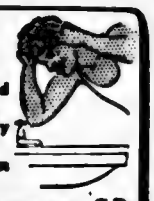

"VASELINE" SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 4D

"LUCKY GUY"

Reader's Story by S. Hilton,
10, Brunswick Parade, Liverpool 22

"ALL aboard!"

As the signal clanged from the bell of the Chicago-Milwaukee "Pacific Limited," the grinning negro sleeping-car attendant pushed luggage clear of the door.

Friends waved good-bye from the platform, passengers scuffled into their seats—the huge train moved slowly out into the Indian Summer evening. I was off to the Prairies, the Rockies, Vancouver and the Wonderful West.

I stood at the open coach door, dreaming of prosperity, waiting till we had left Milwaukee station behind.

Suddenly a man raced along the platform. He kicked a suitcase, fell sprawling and picked himself up. In a moment he was running on.

The great train was gathering speed. He went faster. A last burst and he was level with me.

HE grasped the handrail and was dragged along a yard or two. Then the negro attendant's brawny arm shot out beside me and pulled him aboard.

He sagged, almost fainted.

"Say, boss, you sure cut things fine!" the negro chuckled. "Ah was just going to slam the door. You're a lucky kind o' guy!"

The latecomer was too breathless to speak. I helped him to the nearest seat. He was trembling all over. Perspiration poured down his face and neck as he leaned back.

Going about his work the negro attendant left me alone with the "lucky guy." I saw he was unusually thin, very sallow, with deep-set eyes, probably an emigrant from South Eastern Europe.

He was dressed in a blue-pin stripe, loose-fitting suit, with a cream sports-shirt open at the neck, black shoes and no hat. He had no grip or luggage.

"I guess I'll have a drink—then I can talk better," he said.

As he moved slowly towards the lavatory I noticed that his bulky pockets rattled, and dragged as though they were stuffed with metal. A bit of a mystery this passenger, with no suit-case, and pockets that looked as if they were full of lead.

He returned with a tumbler of water, and sat down again opposite me. From his pockets I could hear the regular ticking of more than one watch.

He gave me a searching look; then became more communicative.

His "hometown" apparently was in Chicago, but he travelled extensively in the States near the Great Lakes.

"What sort of job?" I asked. The ticking in his pockets was a puzzle I wanted to solve.

"A jeweller," he answered. Then added, that he was a master tailor. His eyes sparkled with unconcealed pride.

I gave it up. Strange that a master tailor, who was proud of his trade, should be a jeweller as well.

All this time he eyed me with suspicion. An unpleasant thought flashed into my mind. "Was he a hold-up man?"

When he spoke there was a look in his eye that suggested he could be a tough customer. Probably he was armed, and I wasn't.

We were alone in the coach. It was 9.30 and all the night bunks had been pulled down and prepared for travellers who, I guessed, were in the buffet coach farther along the train.

It was with relief that I saw the white-coated attendant appear, his arms full of blankets and pillows.

Here was my chance for a getaway, I thought. Pulling out my watch—and regretting it the next moment, as it was a valuable gold one—I invited the man to have a night-cap with me in the buffet-car.

He shook his head.

"Did you think it suspicious?" he suddenly demanded, his eyes flashing.

"No—why should I?" I said laughing. "You are not the first man to rush for a train—nor the last."

"Of course." The fear faded in his dark eyes. He rose and bowed slightly: "You have been very kind. I will say good night and good luck."

With that I turned toward the buffet-car, glad to escape. It might have been nerves, but I felt the situation had been dangerous.

Peering through the glass panel of the door, later, I saw that the stranger had gone, so I prepared to retire to my upper berth.

Once settled between the sheets my thoughts returned to the man's bulging pockets and ticking watches. But I soon became drowsy, though I fancied that someone was undressing in the bunk below.

When I got up next morning several passengers were preparing to disembark at the next stop—St. Paul and Minneapolis.

But there was no sign of the "lucky guy."

I dressed, and went along to the buffet-coach for breakfast. As I sat down I remembered, suddenly, that I had left my watch under the pillow. . . .

Dashing back I threw the pillow aside. My gold watch and chain were perfectly safe where I had put them.

But that was not all. There was also a lady's gold wristlet watch and a slip of paper.

ON the paper was scrawled: "My good luck last night. This is for yours." It bore no signature.

After breakfast I sought the negro attendant. His grin was as broad as ever. "The lucky guy," he echoed. "Yeah, he slept in the berth below yours. He's off the train now.

"At St Paul. Swell guy. He gave me this gold pencil, see!"

The thing beat me. I turned to go as the attendant asked: "Morning paper, sir?"

I took it casually, glanced at the screaming headline:

"Milwaukee Thieves Loot Gem Shop: Shoot Two."

I knew the shop. It was three hundred yards from the station. Time to dash to the "Pacific Limited" if you set off when the bell started.

I turned to the back page picture of the wanted men. I knew one of them. He was unusually thin, very sallow, with deep-set eyes. Probably an emigrant from South Eastern Europe.

Earn £5 5s. by letting us publish your real-life adventure, preferably one that happened in Britain. Length should not exceed 1,200 words, and a stamped addressed envelope must be sent.

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W. H. Penny

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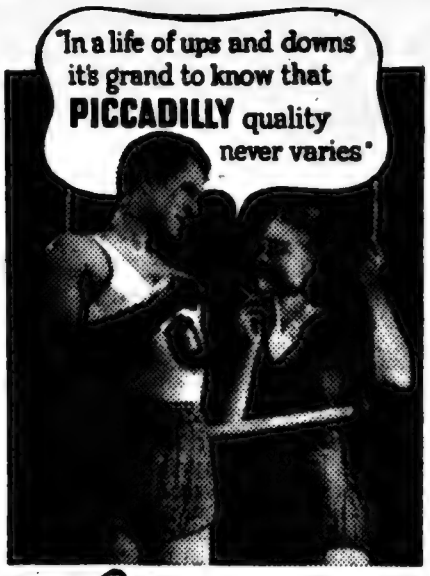

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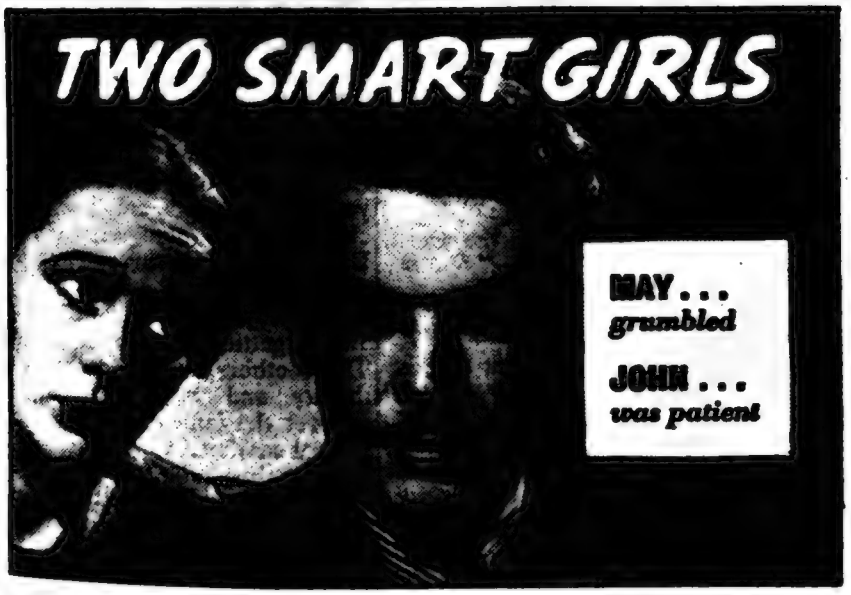
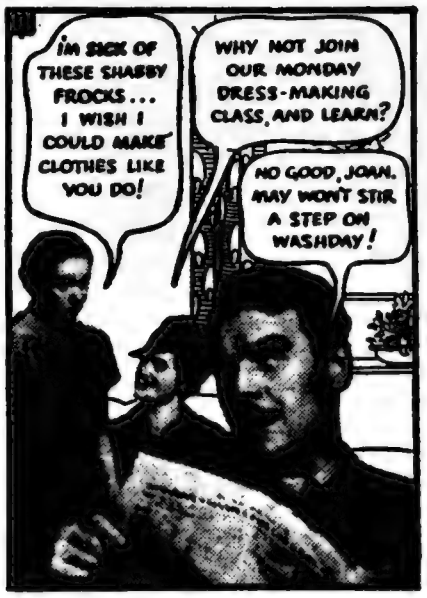
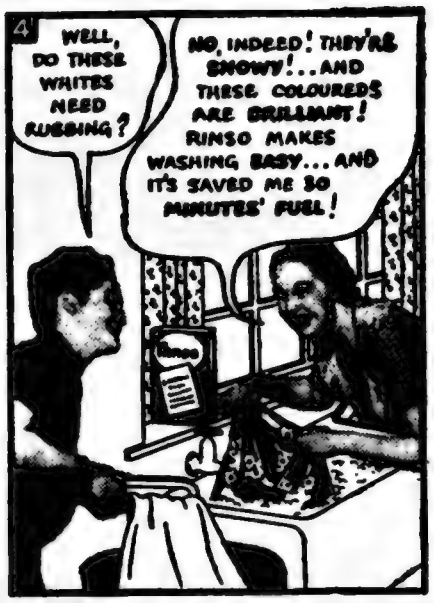
TWO SMART GIRLS




1
I'M SICK OF THESE SHABBY FROCKS... I WISH I COULD MAKE CLOTHES LIKE YOU DO!
WHY NOT JOIN OUR MONDAY DRESS-MAKING CLASS, AND LEARN?
NO GOOD, JOAN. MAY WON'T STIR A STEP ON WASHDAY!

2
I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE CLASS, BUT RUBBING AND SCRUBBING LEAVES ME DEAD TO THE WORLD.
OF COURSE!... BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB ANYTHING NOWADAYS. I CAN SHOW YOU A MARVELLOUS NEW WAY TO WASH.

3 THE FOLLOWING MONDAY
LOOK-THESE WHITES GET THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL; COLOUREDS A 12-MINUTE SOAK. NO HARD RUBBING, MIND!
EASY METHODS LIKE THAT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE THOROUGH!


4
WELL, DO THESE WHITES NEED RUBBING?
NO, INDEED! THEY'RE SNOWY!... AND THESE COLOUREDS ARE BRILLIANT! RINSO MAKES WASHING EASY... AND IT'S SAVED ME 30 MINUTES' FUEL!
Rinso

5 3 WEEKS LATER
DARLING, YOU LOOK ADORABLE IN THAT FROCK!
I MAKE ALL MY FROCKS NOWADAYS, DARLING - THAT'S WHY I'VE SO MANY NEW ONES.
THINKS: THANKS TO RINSO!

WASHDAY WORK REDUCED BY HALF

NO wonder women are enthusiastic about Rinso! They find they no longer need to tire themselves out over the wash—for the new easy methods make clothes absolutely brilliant with only a minimum of work.

This is how to tackle *your* wash the new, easy Rinso way:

For snowy whites—First damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Tip the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds and bring to the boil, as usual. But then boil them for only 2 minutes!

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Woollens and fine things need only a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds to make them lovely as new!

For an easy, pleasant washday, change to these amazing new methods. Full directions for the Rinso methods are on every packet.

12728-663 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

WHEEL of FIRE

You wouldn't have thought grinning Little Jimmie a hero. Nor did the audience—until Peggy was trapped by flames.

Short Story

of a modern Sir Galahad whose charger was a one-wheel bicycle

by DAVID ADAM

"NOBODY," said Trixie, unconsciously summing up the whole consuming misery of Little Jimmi's life, "nobody could expect a girl like her to take a trick cyclist seriously."

The words were muffled, distorted. Five minutes late as usual, Trixie was making up for lost time, and as she spoke continued to ply the grubby bit of flannel which twice nightly, six nights a week, helped her to hide the pert, pale Cockney oval of her face behind a cocoa-coloured film of powdered paste.

She, with the other Southern Songsters, firmly believed that it would take a sharp pair of eyes, even from the front row of the stalls, to tell that those brown faces, those rolling eyes and R's, were not the genuine Creole article.

Little Jimmi was on now; and, poor kid, he wasn't exactly rocking 'em by the sound of it.

He was smart enough on his wheel, and he'd trained young Peggy up to be nearly as good as he was himself: but that sort of stuff was dead.

Nobody nowadays wanted to see a little monkey of a man in a loud check suit and a brown bowler, perched up seven feet in the air on a skinny looking contraption like his, even if it had got only one wheel.

The drummer's syren . . . *wheee—eee—eeep!* . . . was going now. That was Jimmi's drunk gag.

He'd be swaying about on his saddle, stopping dead and pedalling backwards at the last split second, lurching up to the footlights and hanging crazily in the air right over the orchestra pit.

And Peggy, pretty Peggy with the hard little heart, would be running round the stage after him, pretending to be ready to catch him, letting out little yips, and giving the boys in front a treat with her saucy gingham shorts.

Trixie finished her make-up and ran to join Fred, Minnie and Wanda in the wings.

Under cover of the crescendo of string and bass which also covered the retreat of the Maestro of the Monocycle, she bawled into Fred's ear:

"Peggy's been narking him again."

And she was right. Little Jimmi's face was a mask of agony which cracked into a hard grin when he slipped between the curtains to make his bow.

There was a cold little mutter of applause, like very small waves lapping a very big beach.

JIMMI never cared much about a bad house. Fifteen years in small-time variety had inured him pretty thoroughly, and in any case the difference between a good house and a bad one, in so far as it affected his quota of applause, was very slight.

Still grinning, Jimmi held back the curtain for Peggy, and she stepped into the brilliant strip of stage before the curtain.

Jimmi watched her, and for a moment the ice melted from his heart.

This was the moment that she lived for—the little golden promise on which was built the whole frail, gaudy structure of her ambition.

In it she forgot the ignominy of her position as second string in a trick cycling act.

Jimmi knew all this as he knew his own mind, and as the realisation of it seized him, his hand shook.

The heavy curtain seemed to tear itself from his fingers.

It swung down in front of Peggy, blotting her out when that golden moment of hers was but half over, fluffing her carefully set waves, smothering her brilliant smile in dusty folds of aged velvet.

The audience laughed, a cruel, primitive laugh—the first real laugh of the evening.

PEGGY'S passage from the wings to her dressing-room was like the passage of a small but devastating whirlwind.

Behind her trotted, like a pathetic dachshund that has done wrong, Little Jimmi. She would have screamed her rage at him but for the back-stage law of silence.

The door of her dressing-room slammed, and Jimmi, who never went in without knocking, raised hesitant knuckles, then thought better of it and trailed miserably down the passage to his own dressing-room.

But that couldn't be the end of it, and when the Southern Songsters came off to the syrupy strains of their theme-song, "Alabammy Mammy," they were not surprised to hear the voice of Peggy raised in shrill, hysterical laughter from behind the thin door of her dressing-room.

"That was a bad break of Jimmi's," said Fred, dabbing at the little drops of sweat that thrust themselves through his greasepaint.

He inclined an ear towards the door. "He's in there now," he said. "And is she telling him something!"

"Poor lamb!" said Trixie. "He'd rather fall off his bike than do a thing like that to her. And as for . . ."

But just then Peggy burst out of her room, her eyes bright with rage and hysteria.

"Hey, you!" she shouted. "Trixie . . . Minnie . . come and listen to this . . . it's good!"

She caught sight of the red-wigged head of Joe Murton ("Fra' Rochdale") stuck out of a door half-way down the passage. "Come on, Joe," she shrilled. "Here's a good gag for your new number!"

THEN, as one by one they slowly, curiously trooped back towards her, she flung open the door behind her and with a rude thumb-thrust over her right shoulder, indicated the checkered figure of Little Jimmi.

He stood in the middle of the room behind her, his baggy trousers drooping from their bright-red braces, his brown derby hanging limply from his hand.

"This . this cheap ped'ler," said Peggy, her mouth a contorted, down-turned blurr, "this little one-wheeled wonder, who hasn't even the strength to hold a curtain for a lady for fifteen seconds, wants to marry me . . *marry* me, see?

"Wants me to settle down in Brixton and bring up a family of low-comedy trick-cyclists all wearing check pants and brown bowlers!

"So I thought I'd tell you all now," she said, unevenly, "that we're *through*, the great Little Jimmi and me. . On Saturday I walk right out from him and his comic outfit . . . for all time."

(*Continued on page 30*)

THAT'S WHY I NEVER HAVE SICK HEADACHES

There is even more in Beechams Pills than freedom from sick headaches, biliousness, and digestive upsets. Millions of happy women find that a course of this famous family remedy improves the complexion, slims the figure, gives them an outlook ten times more cheerful! Start a course of Beechams Pills yourself . . . . to-day! You can get them everywhere.

My laxative is Beechams Pills

for over 90 years the supreme remedy for CONSTIPATION, *Biliousness, Digestive Upsets, and Poor Skin*

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

TO STOP A COUGH

The misery, the embarrassment of a cough that won't stop! In a train, bus or cinema you feel a nuisance. Every cough leaves you worse than before. And a chronic cough, as you know, pulls you down horribly, may lead to Bronchitis or even more serious trouble. Don't go on suffering. Take a few drops of Congreve's Elixir, the 100 years old remedy, and stop the cough right away by getting at the *cause* of the cough. This soothing and healing Elixir stops throaty and bronchial irritation—restores the inflamed membranes to normal comfort. Congreve's Elixir is particularly suitable for children. Keep a bottle in your house ready for sudden emergencies. At all Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- and (Family size) 12/-.

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He's had every make on test . .

. . . but found Bondman the coolest smoke of all

The more hectic a man's life is, the more he needs a pipe to help him to relax—and Bondman's cool, smooth smoking is the biggest help of all.

LLOYDS'

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TOBACCO

10D PER OZ. · EMPIRE BLEND

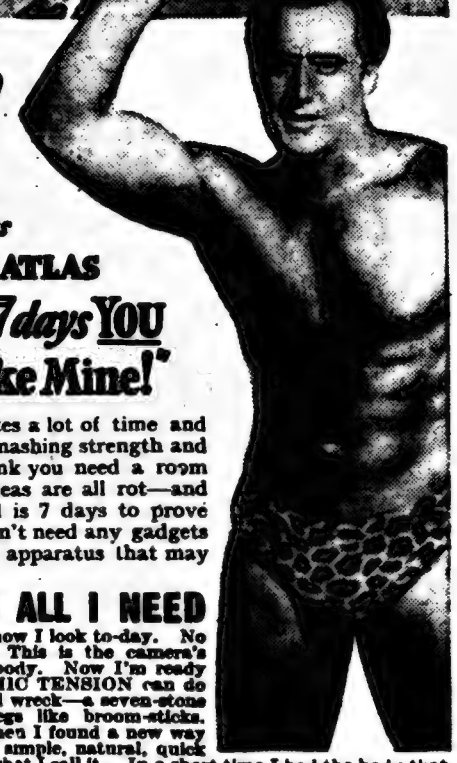
11½D PER OZ. · RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

The Coolest Smoke of all!

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

"Rot!" —says CHARLES ATLAS

"I'll Prove *in the first 7 days* YOU can have a Body like Mine!"



DON'T get the idea that it takes a lot of time and hard work for you to get smashing strength and powerful muscles. And don't think you need a room full of apparatus. Both these ideas are all rot—and I have PROVED it. All I need is 7 days to prove what I can do for you. And I don't need any gadgets either. I don't believe in artificial apparatus that may strain your vital organs of life.

DYNAMIC TENSION IS ALL I NEED

Above you see an actual photo of how I look to-day. No muscles have been "painted on." This is the camera's honest proof of what I did for MY body. Now I'm ready to prove what my secret of DYNAMIC TENSION can do for YOURS. I used to be a physical wreck—a seven-stone weakling—flat-chested, arms and legs like broom-sticks. I was worried—I studied myself. Then I found a new way to build myself up—a way that was ample, natural, quick and sure. DYNAMIC TENSION is what I call it. In a short time I had the body that has won for me the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

48 Page Book FREE

This coupon brings you my free book which tells all about it. No cost or obligation. I just want to give you proof that I can do for YOU what I have done for so many others: give you broad, powerful shoulders, biceps that bulge with massive strength, a chest that stands out solid and muscular, and an evenly-developed body that will make others look like dwarfs next to you. Post the coupon to-day to CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 13/P), 2, Dean St., W.1.

CHARLES ATLAS
(Dept. 13/P), 2, Dean Street, London, W.1.

I want the proof that your system of DYNAMIC TENSION will make a New Man of me. Send me your book "Everlasting Health and Strength" FREE, and details of your amazing 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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of delightful New

BREAKFAST FOOD

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every "John Bull" reader to try, taste and enjoy WEETABIX—the new British wheat flakes cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is to write, *mentioning "John Bull,"* to Weetabix, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.7) "Weetabix Mills," Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 2d. in stamps, and a free generous trial sample will be sent to you—FREE! WEETABIX is good for kiddies—body-building and health promoting—and there are many tasty ways of serving it up to them. Take the first step and write for your Free Trial Sample. Try before you buy! Offer appears on page 23. Turn to it Now!

CROSSWORD No. 141.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 26 and 27 is presented the 141st of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 23, 1939. The reasons which dictated the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by ordering with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the money sums of £1,750 will be equally divided; not more than one such prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

GET WELL *QUICKLY* AFTER 'FLU

You'll feel better in ONE MINUTE *after*

WINCARNIS

If you are still convalescent take WINCARNIS — the 'No-Waiting' Tonic backed by over 24,400 Medical Recommendations. Drink a glassful 2 or 3 times daily.

THE 'NO-WAITING' TONIC

Continuing

Wheel of Fire

From below, down the narrow stone steps with their wire-caged gas flames, and between the dingy forest of flats and stays, came the sound of laughter once more . . . hard laughter from many throats. One of the Two Juggling Javelos had dropped a plate.

Most vaudeville people will tell you that Witchester is a hard date. The place has a name for it.

Not only does it supply stone-wall audiences, against which even top-liners batter themselves into muttered profanity, but there is also its fearsome, uncompromising Watch Committee, which would find a double meaning in a Sunday-school monologue.

* * *

AT the top of the bill which carried the names of Little Jimmi and the rest was the high-sounding line, in bold red pseudo-Eastern type, "The Fakirs of Naghani."

Beneath it ran a legend to the effect that the fakirs, imported into England and brought straight to Witchester at colossal expense, would eat fire and walk unharmed through it, foretell the future of all who asked their destiny, and grow mango trees in a matter of seconds.

The bill was printed, rather optimistically, before the matter of the fire-walking was discussed with those who sought to make the Witchester Empire a place safe for Witchestrians.

The result was that, although the fakirs were allowed to eat small quantities of fire served out to them with due precaution, and could grow mango until further orders, and tell the future to all and sundry (so long as their palms were not crossed with silver), they were not permitted to fire-walk on the stage.

And so strips of paper were stuck on the bills wherever they were posted, to obscure all mention of fire-walking.

But, since the bills had been up a week before, and since the people of Witchester had the habit of expecting all they were promised—to the letter—Mr. Alfred Semple, manager of the Empire, had been a little concerned about the fire-walking embargo.

Until, good showman that he was, he had the idea of putting on the banned portion of the show publicly, free-for-all, and with due publicity, in a place where the fakirs could have all the fire they wanted without danger.

That place was, happily for Mr. Semple, right next to the Empire itself—the wide, stone-paved cattle market, which was deserted save on Wednesdays and Thursdays and special market days.

And the time, as the hurriedly printed posters and handbills announced, was Tuesday, at 2.15 p.m.

So the arena was roped off near the wall at the theatre end of the market, and a space, five yards long and three wide, was spread with suitable combustibles under the mystic eyes of the Fakirs of Naghani themselves.

There was some slight difference of opinion between the chief of the fakirs and the manager of the Empire as to the exact nature of the fire.

The fakirs explained, through one of their number who spoke some sort of English, that the fire they were in the habit of walking over was best provided by glowing embers.

BUT Mr. Semple, his reputation as a showman at stake, pointed out that glowing embers were hotter, but a good deal less spectacular, than a good flame and a bit of smoke.

That was why Mr. Semple had so enthusiastically collected piles of wood-shavings and a drum of petrol. The fakirs shrugged lean shoulders in the face of Western logic and said they would do their best for Witchester.

The crowd was certainly large. The Witchester *Argus* photographer was perched on a step-ladder taking preliminary snapshots of the packed ranks of the arena, and of the members of the variety company who had been called in to add something of the glamour of the stage to the proceedings.

The sight of the photographer had decided Peggy as to the best point of vantage; perched on top of a pile of wood palings against the wall of the market, she and her bright smile must inevitably be included in any picture that was taken of the arena.

So, leaving Trixie, Joe and the rest to their ring-side stands, she clambered on high . . . and smiled.

Soon a match was applied to the wood-shavings . . and *bloomph!* a sheet of flame sprang up with such suddenness that Mr. Semple, who held the match, sprang back with a conviction that his eyebrows were gone entirely, and that paraffin would have been better than petrol.

What happened next, happened with the suddenness of all great events.

THE crowd surged back from the blaze and one who had been among the nearest to it stepped backwards into the drum of petrol.

A gush of liquid became a river of fierce white flame, which ran swiftly between the feet of the panicking crowd, and down an L-shaped gully which terminated in a drain by the market wall.

In a few seconds the mob was driven back ten yards from the blaze, which on three sides of a square licked hungrily at the air.

And in the centre of the fourth side, on top of her pile of palings, was an unsmiling, white-faced Peggy, shut in by a four-foot wall of flames.

Bound by a spell of horror, the crowd stood and watched her, silently. One or two brave ones ran towards her, but their courage melted in the intense heat, and they turned, their arms held before their streaming eyes.

No one seemed to have noticed a small, overcoated figure slip away from the edge of the throng and run, stumbling in desperation, towards the stage door of the theatre behind them.

Three minutes passed, while the flames, gathering in the last of Mr. Semple's sacks of shavings, played round the base of the stack of palings, whereon a slight figure swayed and clutched at the brickwork behind her.

Then a wild shout came from the outskirts of the crowd and a crazy figure was seen, arms waving, coat-tails flying, swaying above the heads of the crowd, who parted before it so that a narrow avenue suddenly clove its way across the market—towards the flames.

Bumping over the stone flags came the Maestro of the Monocycle, perched on a seven-foot stalk of steel above a ridiculous single wheel.

HE never paused when he reached the flames, though they licked round his feet as they spun on their pedals.

He fell—but only when the wheel beneath him struck the lowest of the palings—and Little Jimmi was on top, clutching the big curved saddle in one hand and clawing at Peggy's drooping form with the other.

"Oh, Gawd!" said the voice of Joe Murton above the crackle of the flames. "'E's mad. . . That thing'll never carry two of them."

But that wasn't Jimmi's idea. Through the curling black smoke, they saw him urging, shoving Peggy, slapping her face, shouting . . . until at last she was on the saddle of his fantastic mount, wobbling dangerously, and alone, above the inferno.

Pedalling as if in a daze, she came through, and as she fell just outside the area of fire, those few whose eyes were not on her saw the little figure left on the wood-pile collapse slowly against the wall.

They got him out—just alive—when the foam-extinguishers arrived and smothered the flames in an evil-smelling froth.

But there was no more uni-cycling for Jimmi. Nobody heard of him for months—years. But he had courage had Jimmie, as well as that bright spark of heroism.

He's still Little Jimmi on the bills; not at the top, but not so near the bottom as he used to be. And underneath his name is: "The One-Legged Wonder; in a Tornado of Tap-Dancing."

Oh, and underneath that, of course, is: "Assisted by Peggy."

The Human Machine

Let's Do It!

LOTS of people are spending far too much time wondering what's wrong with the world. The answer is very simple. There are too many critics wandering around.

There are far too many people pointing out what is wrong with everything and everyone—except themselves. There are far too many people looking for what's bad—and finding it: and there are far too few people looking for what's good—and finding that.

"It is very easy to find fault if one has that disposition," wrote Mark Twain. "There was once a man who, not being able to find any other fault with his coal, complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it."

And one of the greatest Romans who ever lived remarked: "It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others and to forget his own."

Probably the most acute observation on this subject ever made was this: "Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others.

"They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbours. No man keeps such a jealous look-out as a rival."

You know, this habit of always seeing the worst in others must be as old as the human race! "Jupiter," wrote another old-world philosopher, "has placed upon us two wallets. Hanging behind each person's back he has given one full of his own faults: in front, he has hung a heavy one full of other people's." It really couldn't be summed up better, could it?

Yet how easy it is *not* to be like this! How easy to go round looking for the good in things! How easy to form the habit of passing on only the good we hear and refraining from spreading the bad!

If we all tried life on these lines just for one week, what a world we could shape!

COLDS Rubbed Away overnight

with the 3-Minute Vick Massage

Nothing to swallow—nothing to upset the digestion. Just do this at bedtime: (1) rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub briskly on throat and chest; (2) rub it also on the back; (3) to lengthen and strengthen its double action, spread it thick on the chest and cover with warmed flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The massage starts Vick working direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, warmed by the body-heat, Vick releases powerful healing vapours that are breathed in 18 times a minute direct to the air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest. Working for hours in these two ways, Vick soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy. The patient drops off to restful sleep. By morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

CHEER without FEAR of COLD

EAT NUTTALLS MINTOES

PER OR 4D.

The FIRST STEP to PERSONAL FITNESS

Wonderful Booklet FREE!

GOVERNMENT investigations into the reason for the alarming state of the nation's health reveal that "the country's teeth are rotten." (We quote the verdict of Mr. Elliot, Minister of Health.)

Authorities are agreed that the first and most vital necessity for good health is sound teeth for proper mastication and perfect digestion. Besides, "bad" teeth are a slow poison.

If your teeth are defective, if any are decayed, have them attended to by a dentist without delay and, to preserve the others, start using a reliable antiseptic tooth paste every morning and night.

Dentists recommend Kolynos because they know that for killing the germs that cause decay Kolynos is unsurpassed. Moreover, Kolynos whitens the teeth without scouring or bleaching the enamel, an important point to consider, especially when choosing a dentifrice for children.

The first step, then, to personal fitness, is to have your teeth inspected by a dentist and use Kolynos regularly.

The makers of Kolynos will be pleased to send their booklet, "The Cause and Prevention of Tooth Decay," free to all who appreciate the vital importance of the care of the teeth. Write for your copy to Kolynos (Dept. J.B.1), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

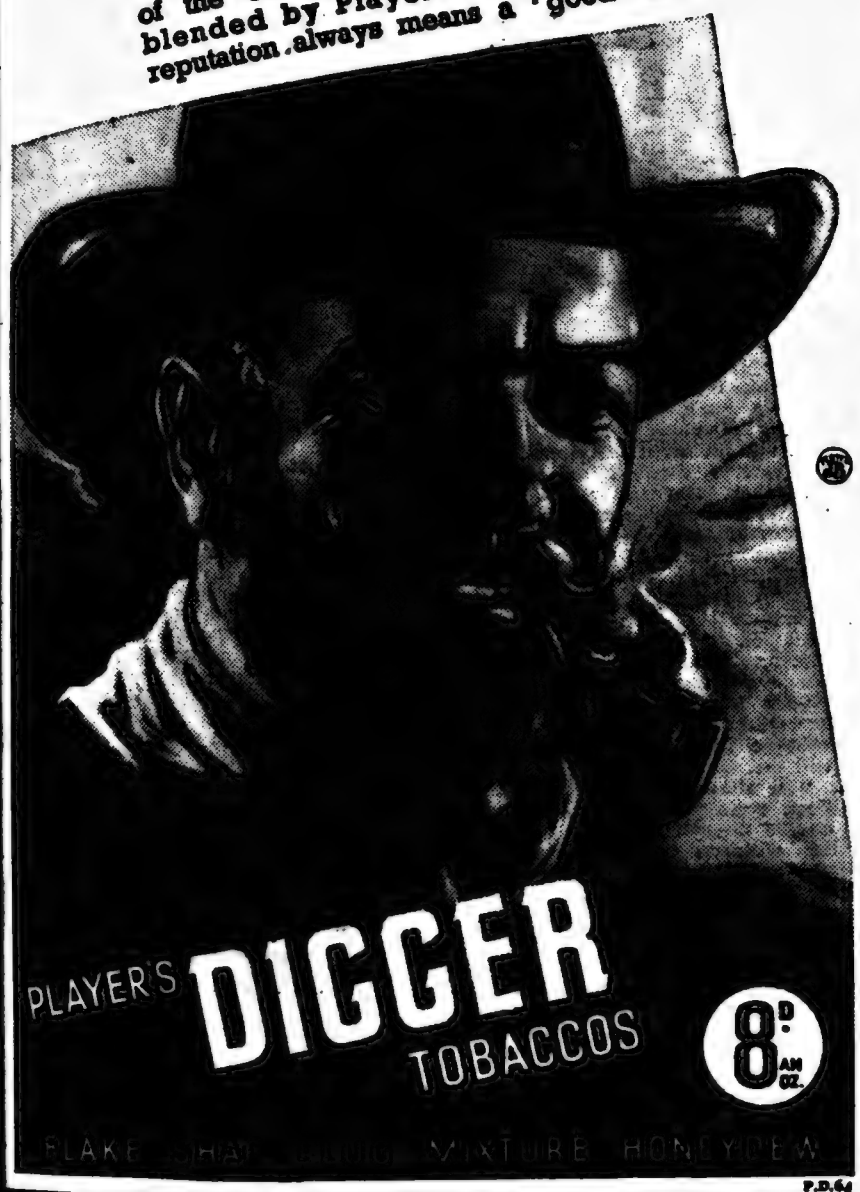
RHEUMATISM & BAD CIRCULATION

Stated to be incurable, Miss Sharp, Appley Bridge, Wigan, writes:—"I suffered two years from Rheumatism and Bad Circulation and could not walk or sleep. My fingers and ends used to go dead. I had no use in my limbs and was stated to be incurable. I took Vitadatio, and after three doses felt the circulation moving and now, after 10 bottles, I can walk and do my own work."

Vitadatio is invaluable for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Liver, Kidney and Stomach troubles. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2/-, and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.) From VITADATIO, ARNLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK

What's on for Saturday?

Well, whatever other interest or hobby helps to make a happy week-end, 'Digger' certainly does its share for thousands. In fact, MORE 'DIGGER' IS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO. But it's not surprising because for 8d. 'Digger' offers many pipes of the choicest Empire leaf, cunningly blended by Player's—and Player's reputation always means a 'good deal'.



P.D.64

HAIR

We could fill the whole of this paper with similar grateful letters and photos as those below proving the wonders Kotalko has worked in every kind of hair trouble.

Told he would always be bald *KOTALKO soon grew new hair*

Turning grey *KOTALKO restored natural colour*

Wasted Pounds *then tried KOTALKO*

My hair fell out *KOTALKO brought fine thick growth*

Afraid to comb her hair *New, strong hair using KOTALKO*

"I had no hair on my head at all. I was told I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this. I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. The new hair soon began to grow and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."—J. BINDLEY.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin. I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful Thick Growth developed, free from dandruff. Also my hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour."—Miss D. BELL.

"My husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup. We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different. We sent for Kotalko and by the photo you will see that we have much to be thankful for."—W. JOBSON.

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."—H. A. WILD.

"Once I was afraid to comb my hair; this is no longer so, for, the falling has completely stopped. My head is completely covered with a thick growth of new, strong hair. Kotalko Soap is also worthy of praise. It is better than anything I have yet used for washing my hair."—Miss M. WOODHALL.

Even if you have been actually bald for years, try Kotalko. If your hair is only falling gradually becoming thinner, or becoming dead looking or lustreless, use Kotalko NOW and so AVERT premature baldness. Kotalko stimulates and awakens dormant roots, softens hardened scalp, clears up these deposits of dandruff which clog the hair passages and prevent the new hairs growing through the scalp. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon check falling hair, cover thin spots with vigorous new growth, remove unsightly dandruff and will make your hair glossy and "alive." Kotalko is not a "new discovery." Kotalko has proved itself. It has stood the test of time. **For 21 years Kotalko has brought benefits to people of all ages.** No matter what your age, whether your hair is thin, brittle, splitting, falling, choked with dandruff, or even if there are signs of baldness, Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are what you need. Let a trial sample prove that Kotalko can do in your case what it has done for countless others—give you a new growth of glossy, vigorous, colourful hair. Surely your appearance is worth more than 3d. it costs to secure this Double Test Sample. **FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW.**

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
WAKES UP THE ROOTS

DOUBLE TEST

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., (53.LC) 9, Percy St., London, W.1.

I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

No More THIRD DEGREE HORRORS!

In semi-darkness, criminal and detective sit side-by-side. Before them is a small black box. The detective asks a question—the suspect replies—from the box flashes a light—*it's lying!* . . . Read all about this wonderful invention that registers human emotions in the February "Armchair Science." Don't miss "The Confidence Drug"—The "Spinning Top" that pilots aircraft—Battles fought with invisible germ enemies—An explosion on the sun—and a hundred other marvels of Science explained in simple, non-technical language.

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Be rid of this distressing complaint by accepting the offer on pages 4 & 5. So confident are the proprietors of the efficacy of a good remedy for the treatment of catarrhal troubles, including Head Noises, Hay Fever, Catarrhal Deafness, etc., that sufferers are offered a trial under guarantee. Turn to pages 4 & 5 now while you think of it. Fill in and post the Coupon for full particulars of this offer. Send the Coupon Now!

—See pages 4 & 5!

DURING TEETHING

-keep Baby Happy, **with FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS**

SOLD IN BOXES—1/3 & 3/- also 1° each or 2 for 1½°

INSIST ON FENNINGS'
OVER 70 YEARS' REPUTATION

HAPPY BABY—HAPPY MOTHER
Best and safest for Children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.
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the Latest BUSH BUTTON RADIO!

BEFORE buying your radio turn to p. 6 and fill in the Coupon for full particulars of the new and latest Bush Button-tuning Radio Receivers. The Model illustrated, the P.B.51, is a 5-Valve All-Wave Superhet for A.C. mains operation. 8 Press Buttons give choice of stations. It can be obtained on popular payment terms of only a few shillings a week. Send the Coupon Now for full particulars of latest Radio enjoyment.

A lovely Beverage piping hot. *SUPER BETOX beats the lot!*

Although purely vegetable, SUPER BETOX tastes like FINEST BEEF EXTRACT . . . Delicious for Sandwiches.
From Grocers & Chemists . . . . Same Makers as PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST

6D LARGE JAR

HUMANIST'S PAGE

ASHAMED of their FATHER

"I am left alone because I am too old to change my ways, too tired to bother about 'frills'"

HERE is a man's problem which is only too common nowadays:—

"I was brought up in a hard school. My parents were poor, honest folk who had to turn us out into the world in our early 'teens. I have worked all my life.

"My one aim has been to give my children a better start than I had, and in this I have succeeded.

"At forty-seven I find myself the 'odd one' in the home. I make the family feel ashamed of me, because I am clumsy, lack polish, and can't 'talk.'

"The thing I aimed at has been my downfall. I am unhappy at home, but miserable when away. I let the family down before their friends, who avoid calling when I am about.

"I am too old to change my ways, and too tired to bother about the frills that modern people think necessary for good breeding.

"Please advise me. I'm in the way here, yet there's nothing I wouldn't do to make my folks happy. . . ."

I LIKE the man who wrote that letter. He is sincere, forthright, and dead honest.

I could, of course, advise him to go in for self-culture. He could get many of the masterpieces of literature for a few shillings; he could go to extension lectures or join a debating society; he could make a serious attempt to appear "smart" or superficially clever.

But, oddly enough, I prefer him as he is now. I would much rather try to improve his wife and family and those friends who call when he is out.

There is something wrong with them. It may be nothing more than snobbishness, but beneath it there is ingratitude—an unwillingness to give credit where credit is due.

I don't care how brilliantly they sparkle in their conversation; there is something callous and stupid underneath.

A really cultured man or woman never makes other people feel "small" and "out of it," but the sham "genteel" do because they don't know any better.

And here is a letter from a girl:—

"I read your page every week, and I should be thankful if you would give me your advice.

"I am 20 years of age, and live at home. I have become friendly with a nice young fellow, who is very sedate and has fine qualities. My mother has seen him and likes him.

"But I am faced with this problem. Should he ever ask me to take him to my home I shall feel very uneasy. I know my father will let us down.

"He is one of the rough-and-ready type, and indulges in a lot of ridiculous nonsense whenever he gets used to any one. Mother has frequently told him about it, but he has always been the same, and he will not alter now.

"Mother's relatives always welcome her company, but they never do my father. I often feel he is going to stand in my light. Would you please tell me what to do about it?"

WHAT should she do? I can tell her what she should *not* do: she should not try to transform her father into somebody else.

If the young man is serious he will naturally want to go to the girl's home, and the sooner he does the better for her peace of mind.

A man who is upset because a girl's father is rough-and-ready and talks nonsense is not worth worrying about. I would much rather know a man who talks "ridiculous nonsense," than one who sits on his dignity and says only the correct, conventional things.

And, if the young man is very sedate, it should do him good to meet a man of another kind.

My advice to timid young people is to accept their parents for what they are, and to stop worrying about making an impression.

Still, there is another side to the problem. Here is a letter from a married woman:—

"My husband refuses to listen to me when I tell him he is making a mistake in continually imposing his will on our children.

"He allows them little personal freedom, censors their reading, tries to choose their friends, and boasts about his children being so obedient and well-behaved.

"He says that he means them to grow up a credit to him. He will not consider any point of view but his own. What can I do about it?"

WELL, I suppose we all know from experience that children who are too strictly supervised and dominated in their early years often break out when they grow older.

If they don't do that, they are usually broken-spirited creatures without any courage or initiative, and they are more or less foredoomed to failure.

Children need a certain amount of freedom, as plants in the garden need space and air.

A father who wants to play the dictator in the home is often in a subordinate position in business.

The "big" man does not want to assert his power over the family.

And to return to an earlier problem. If I were a young man and a wee bit nervous about taking a girl-friend home, I would much rather be able to introduce her to a man who couldn't talk cleverly, or one who was inclined to talk ridiculous nonsense than to the other sort of father—the sort who asserts his authority and plays the rôle of the domestic tyrant.

AND here is a letter from a very different kind of parent:—

"My husband and I are ardent supporters of a certain political Party which, to avoid bias, I will not name.

"Now, we have two sons in their 'teens. The elder, a highly intelligent but self-willed youngster, has gone over completely to the opposite camp.

"He attends their meetings, wears their badge, and looks forward to becoming an active member.

"He has just won a scholarship to a university, a scholarship which he cannot take up unless we are prepared to supplement it with an allowance for three years

"To do this will mean considerable sacrifice, for we are not well off.

"We would help him willingly and proudly if it were not for his political opinions. What should we do?"

I advise the mother to let the boy go to the university, where he will meet young men of all Parties.

He will hear both sides of every question and be able to arrive at a sane judgment for himself.

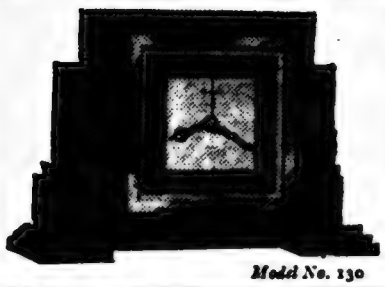
It is a healthy sign when young people begin to think for themselves. They may go too far at first, but they recover sooner or later.

This particular youth has a right to his own opinions, and since he is honest and straightforward he should be trusted implicitly.

Parents ought not to expect their children to echo every word they hear in the home.

Do we all believe exactly as our fathers and mothers believed a generation ago?

"HUMANIST" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.



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THE WHOLE TRUTH
AND NOTHING BUT
THE TRUTH

They cannot lose or gain and need no adjusting or winding. They have individuality in design and harmony in colour, suiting all tastes and rooms. Running costs are less than 1/- a year at 1d. a unit.

Model No. 130 (as illustrated)
"Jacobean" £2.1.6

3½in. Cream Dial with Silvered Zone and Chromium Bezel.

For A.C. Mains 200/250 volts, 50 cycles.

Obtainable from high-class Jewellers, Radio or Electrical Dealers.

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BOURNVILLE FREE GIFT BOOK

The makers of Bournville Cocoa have issued a new 44-page Book of Gifts (containing a Free Coupon to start your collection) which every reader can obtain free, by filling in the Coupon on p. 23. Get your free copy NOW!

STOMACH UPSET AFTER 'FLU

Digestive upset that follows 'Flu often lasts for days, or even weeks, unless something is taken especially to stop it. The very thought of food sickens, and the sour, weak stomach refuses the lightest of meals. No wonder you are so long regaining strength; your feeble system is actually starving for want of nourishment.

Start taking 'Milk of Magnesia' today. It will correct that sour upset condition instantly. The stomach is soothed and strengthened, appetite returns, so that you are able to take plenty of nourishing food and digest it easily. You will be delighted with the quick comfort which 'Milk of Magnesia' brings. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Bottles at 1/3 and 2/6 (treble size). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 minutes

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of "NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dan Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 2220), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

WHY WIVES NAG!

Don't blame wives and mothers who get cross and irritable, worn out and exhausted trying to do every-day housework, look after children and manage the home when they don't feel right: often a woman neglects her health, ruins her nerves and becomes impatient with everyone and everybody, and doesn't realise that Mineral-Vitamin starvation is the cause of these conditions. When that's what's wrong, try "Vikelp."

The body's chemical processes that change digested food into rich blood, firm flesh and the strength and energy you need to feel on top of the world, require certain Minerals and Vitamins . . . elements usually deficient in our modern daily diet. "Vikelp" provides these nutritional elements without which good nourishment is wasted. Its iron, copper, phosphorus, magnesium and calcium, plus its Vitamins and natural sea-plant iodine, make the system get the real good out of food. Contains absolutely no drugs.

Start "Vikelp" today. Thousands report they eat, sleep, look and feel better and add healthy extra pounds if they are underweight. Millions upon millions of tablets are used annually. Money back if you are not satisfied. Your chemist has it! Send for free 50-page Book on why YOU need Minerals and Vitamins, to Health Products Laboratories Ltd. (Dep. J.B. 2-1). 128 Baker Street London, W.1.

THICK CATARRH

To drive out stubborn phlegm and end distressing symptoms get "NOSTROLINE"—the scientific Catarrh Remedy. Smear a little inside each nostril and gently sniff it up. "NOSTROLINE" banishes clogging catarrh mucus in double-quick time. Opens stuffed-up breathing passages in 30 seconds. Heals inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrh-Deafness. Perfectly Safe. Insist on NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy. All Chemists, 1/3.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.86, Bristol 8.

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TAKE PURITAN SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

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THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET

is the World's greatest Radio success.

This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home. Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide News and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, on the fullest approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price **£6:17:6**

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★ FREE OFFER

A GENEROUS free sample of Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy, is offered to all readers suffering from Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Eczema, Rheumatism and other disorders of the blood and circulatory system. This will be sent, post free, with an interesting booklet which fully explains how Elasto treats these distressing ailments through the blood. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover now, while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!!

LUMBAGO BACKACHE.

Lumbago and backache cripple people at an age when they can least afford to be laid up from work. So if you are liable to frequent attacks you should never be without a bottle of Sloans. There's positively nothing to beat it for soothing the torturing pain and removing lameness and soreness from the sensitive loins and back muscles. Sloans provides just the soothing warmth needed to coax out the pain. Almost as you apply it the pain starts to fade away and a lovely feeling of relief and comfort penetrates the tortured tissues. That is Sloans stimulating the blood stream and dispersing congestion. The pain soon goes and your back is as strong and supple as ever. For muscles and joints aching and stiff with **rheumatism**; for nerves throbbing with **sciatica, neuritis** or other pains; for **sprains** and **bruises** and agonising spasms of **cramp**, Sloans is a sure means of relief. Buy a bottle from the chemist and get relief immediately. 1/9 a bottle.

SLOANS
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KILLS PAIN

THE GOOD NATURED LAXATIVE
LIXEN
OF ALL CHEMISTS
Elixir (Liquid) in Bottles 1/- 1/9 3/-
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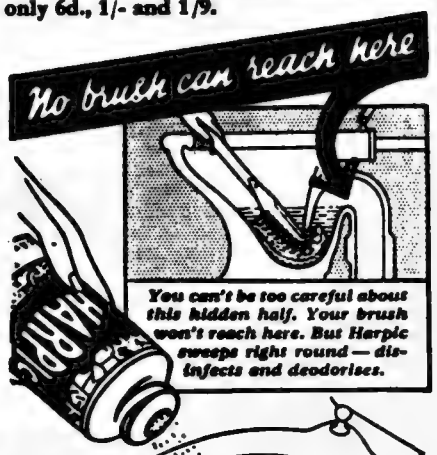
BETTA! GETTA! PACKET OF
NIPITS VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES 1D
AND FEEL WARM AND COMFY

IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.


No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

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FREE to Every Reader of "John Bull"

Special Booklet on Care of the Teeth

THE first step to personal fitness is to ensure healthy and sound teeth, for "bad" teeth are detrimental to your health. The makers of Kolynos, the famous dentifrice, have published a special booklet which is brimful of sound advice, and readers of "John Bull" can obtain a special copy Free of Charge. The booklet is entitled "The Cause and Prevention of Tooth Decay," and all readers who appreciate the vital importance of the care of the teeth should write at once, mentioning "John Bull," to Kolynos, Dept. J.B.1, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. Don't delay—this opportunity may prove of lasting benefit to you and your family, so write at once for the booklet. It is free for the asking! SEND NOW!

DOG LOVERS!

Fill in the Coupon on p. 22.

IF you really take an interest in the welfare of your family pet, get particulars of the oldest dog medicine in the world—Benbow's Dog Mixture—the original tonic and conditioner for dogs of all breeds. Get free particulars of how to condition your dog if he is off colour, listless and continually scratching. Full particulars of interest to all dog lovers will be sent on receipt of the coupon in the special announcement on page 22.

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Will **STOP *YOUR* COUGH** *LIKE LIGHTNING!*

Pools Parliament

Pools fans, this is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ANOTHER new pool—the "trio"—has been introduced by one of the popular pool promoting firms.

From a nothing-barred list you have to pick three home teams *failing to score.*

Obviously, if the home team fails to score the result must either be an x or a 2.

Therefore, the problem really amounts to choosing from the likely aways or draws of the week the games in which the home team will not score at all.

This is a problem in which you can get help from the League tables.

When making your selections for the "trio" pool, start by listing all the games in which a draw or an away win seems likely.

Then refer to the goal averages given in the League tables with the aim of reducing this list to a workable size.

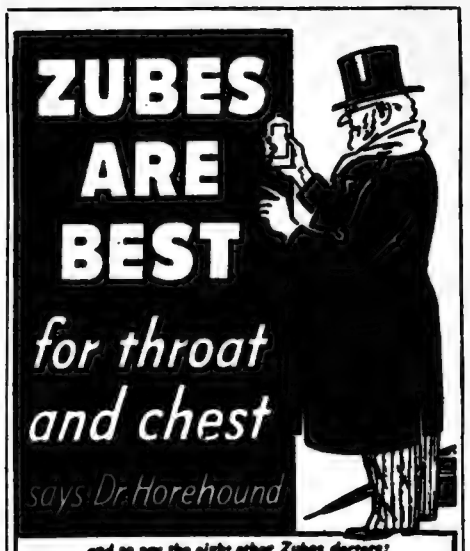
Beside each home team on your list write the number of goals it has scored in its home games, and, beside each away team, put the number of goals it has conceded in its away games.

Studying these figures will enable you to spotlight the matches in which home teams with poor scoring records are opposed to teams with strong defences.

These are your best games for the "trio" pools.

How many matches you select, and how you group them, will depend on how much you want to invest.

Any permutation table designed for the three-draws pool can be used equally well for the "trio" pool.


ZUBES ARE BEST
for throat and chest
says Dr. Horehound
and so say the eight other Zubes doctors:
ANISEED, SQUILLS, MENTHOL, COLTSFOOT, HONEY, LIQUORICE, BALSAM, CAPSICUM.
ZUBES
In flat, airtight tins 3D
6D or loose, 2½d. an ounce.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

by Poolex (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, February 4.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

February 4, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Hull v. Accrington	1	x	·
2 Hearts v. Elgin	1	x	
3 Newport v. Bristol C.	1	x	
4 Stoke v. Chelsea	1	2	·
5 Aberdeen v. Queen's P.	1	x	
6 W.B.A. v. Southampton	1	2	
7 Sheffield W. v. Bradford	1	x	
8 Rangers v. Hamilton	1	x	
9 Rochdale v. Hartlepools	1	2	
10 Doncaster v. Carlisle	1	x	·
11 Manchester U. v. Preston N.E.	1	x	
12 Southport v. Crewe	1	x	
13 Dunfermline v. Duns	1	2	
14 Middlesbrough v. Bolton	1	2	
15 Queen of S. v. Babcock and W.	1	x	
16 Bournemouth v. Exeter	1	x	
17 Blackburn v. Millwall	1	x	·
18 Swindon v. Port Vale	1	2	
19 Notts F. v. Tranmere	1	x	
20 Northampton v. Aldershot	1	2	
21 Luton v. Burnley	1	x	
22 Birmingham v. Charlton	1	x	
23 Liverpool v. Everton	1	2	·
24 Brighton v. Cardiff	1	x	
25 Mansfield v. Q.P.R.	1	2	·
26 Norwich v. Tottenham	1	2	
27 N. Brighton v. Wrexham	1	2	
28 Barrow v. Halifax	1	x	·
29 Chester v. Oldham	1	x	·
30 Falkirk v. Airdrie	1	x	
31 Brentford v. Grimsby	1	2	
32 Walsall v. Southend	1	2	
33 Third Lanark v. Cowdenbeath	1	x	
34 Torquay v. Watford	1	2	
35 Bradford C. v. Barnsley	1	x	
36 Arsenal v. Sunderland	1	x	
37 Blairgowrie v. Nithsdale or Buckie	1	2	
38 Bristol R. v. Ipswich	2	x	
39 Rotherham v. Darlington	2	1	
40 Lincoln v. Stockport	2	x	·
41 York v. Gateshead	2	1	·
42 Clapton O. v. Crystal P.	2	x	
43 Leicester v. Leeds	2	1	
44 Dundee U. v. Motherwell	2	1	
45 Bury v. Swansea	2	x	·
46 Fulham v. Manchester C.	2	1	
47 Reading v. Notts C.	2	1	·
48 Edinburgh v. St. Mirren	2	x	
49 West Ham v. Chesterfield	2	1	
50 Blackpool v. Derby	2	x	
51 Portsmouth v. Aston V.	2	1	
52 Huddersfield v. Wolves	2	x	·
53 Hibernian v. Kilmarnock	2	1	
54 Montrose v. Celtic	2	x	
55 Newcastle v. Coventry	2	1	
56 Dundee v. Clyde	2	1	
57 Plymouth v. Sheffield U.	2	x	

HERE'S A "TRIO" METHOD

Entry for 1s. 6d.

I have built up a system for the twelve-results pool which gives a reasonable chance of a win for an outlay of 1s. 6d. a week.

Choose the five easiest (or perhaps I should say least difficult) matches on the pool for bankers. Then take the next three in order of difficulty, and eliminate the most unlikely result from each of these.

Mark these three matches with the following lines (A stands for first choice and B for second choice):

B B A B A A B A B B B A A B A A A B
A B A A B A A B A B A B B A A B B B
A A B A A B B A A A B B A B B B B A

Then for the four remaining matches, the hardest on the list, mark as follows:

1 x 1 x 1 x 2 x 2 2 1 2 2 x 2 1 x 1
2 1 1 2 x 1 x x 2 1 x 2 x x 1 2 2 1
1 2 x x 2 2 x 1 2 1 2 2 x 1 1 1 x x
x x 2 1 1 x x 2 2 1 1 2 x 2 1 x 1 2

So far this season I have been within one match of a dividend with this method on four occasions, and I feel confident that I shall soon have a win.—H. G. S., Tiptree, Essex (who receives 10s. 6d. for his suggestion).

Provided the two-way forecasts cover the actual results of the matches, the A-B markings will give six lines with three correct or nine lines with two correct. The 1-x-2 permutation gives two lines with at least three correct out of four, whatever the results are.

In eighteen lines it must be a matter of chance whether the most correct lines in each section coincide with each other.

I recommend this method for the small punter.

Error Allowance

I am interested in the ten-results pool, spending two or three shillings each week. I concentrate on home wins only, as I think they are easier to find, but, although I get very near, I have not won a dividend so far. Can you give me a method of marking my selections in six lines, allowing for as many errors as possible?—B. R. L., Aldershot.

It is not possible to make a big allowance for error in the ten-results pool without using a large number of lines. The following table will allow for one mistake in twelve selections, and gives a 10 to 1 chance if there are two mistakes:

1 1 1 1 1 —
1 1 1 1 — 1
1 1 1 — 1 1
1 1 — 1 1 1
1 — 1 1 1 1
— 1 1 1 1 1
1 1 1 1 1 —
1 1 1 1 — 1
1 1 1 — 1 1
1 1 — 1 1 1
1 — 1 1 1 1
— 1 1 1 1 1

Method for Draws

For the three-draws pool, select any team to follow until the end of the season as a banker, and then take a number of other matches in groups of two to couple with your banker. Here is a 3s. entry for four matches and a banker:

Banker.	x	x	x	x	x	x
1.	x	x	x	—	—	—
2.	x	—	—	x	x	—
3.	—	x	—	x	—	x
4.	—	—	x	—	x	x

J. L., Leicester.

The idea of keeping to the same team each week as a banker is unusual, but *for the draws pool only* it has possibilities. For any punter who fancies this idea I suggest a banker chosen from either Division I or Division III (S.).

No Profit in This

There are at least five home wins per division each week, often more than five. My idea is to take the two Divisions that have been producing the most home wins and permute the twenty-two matches in the ten-results pool. Do you recommend the idea?—F. P. E., Salford.

Very definitely, not! Apart from the fact that you would have to enter over half a million lines, the principle is all wrong. It is useless to take a whole group of matches with practically no consideration of the likely results.

Race With "Silver Ring"

Jockey Club Knows Best

DISQUALIFICATION of horses which go first past the judge—happily a rare occurrence on our racecourses—always leads to a good deal of controversy.

The suggestion has recently been revived that the Stewards of the Jockey Club and N.H. Committee should follow the lead of the Pony Turf Club, and, instead of placing a disqualified horse last of all, have power at their discretion to place him second.

I agree with the reformers that when a horse is disqualified for bumping or boring, the interference, in 99 cases out of 100, affects only one other runner. The offending horse is no doubt second best, and it seems harsh that those who have backed him each-way should be losers. But that is not all the story.

The jockey who may be tempted to "take a chance" knows full well what the penalty is. If there was the prospect of saving the stable bets, an unscrupulous rider might be encouraged to adopt tactics that would jeopardise the life or limbs of others riding in the race.

We have a reputation for fair race-riding that serves as a standard for the world. If the disqualification rule was altered, I doubt if the high standard would be maintained.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 2, to Wednesday, February 8.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

Is your BACK Aching?

Rheumatic Twinges, Urinary Disorders, Sharp or Nagging Backache, Lumbago, Disturbed Nights, suggest Kidney Weakness

DO STABBING PAINS strike across the back when you try to bend or straighten? Is the urine disordered and your sleep disturbed? Do weather changes bring rheumatic twinges? These are some of the signs of kidney weakness which Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills so successfully combat. They banish the pain by treating the cause—the weakened or sluggish kidneys. Don't wait to be laid up! Doans Pills may save you weeks of suffering with rheumatism, lumbago, bladder weakness, renal dropsy or sciatica.

"Laid up Three Months"

Mr. A. J. Sinnock, 23, Nunnery Fields, Canterbury, says: "Kidney trouble laid me up for three months. I could hardly move owing to the terrible pains that used to strike across the back. I suffered severe pains when relieving the bladder; there was a gravelly sediment in the water. It wasn't until I used Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills that I made any headway. A short course made the bladder act naturally and so cured my back that I was able to return to work.

(Signed) A. J. Sinnock."

1/3, 3/-, 5/- Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY, 120 assid. articles 10/-, 42 cups, scrs., 6/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burnley.

HOSIERY Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 120-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines.—L. Frankenberg, Ltd., 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch London, E.C.3

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £2-£5 per week in leisure hours. Beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

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ROYAL AIR FORCE.

There are now many vacancies for men to enlist as

AIRCRAFTHANDS,

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Apply for free booklet, "A Life for Men," to R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, W.C.2, or to any R.A.F. Recruiting Depot or Post Office.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Ages 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 537) 17-19, Stratford Place LONDON W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces.—Prospective recruits (aged 19-26) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 802), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship and the Public Services.—Write to-day—THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 369, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICERS.—Start £3 8s weekly, rising to £975 p.a., with pension. Fine outdoor occupation. No experience required. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 59), 235, High Holborn, WC1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

WRITERS WANTED! Editors are daily on the look-out for writers who have been trained to produce articles and short stories.—Send for details of expert tuition by Correspondence. Pitman College of Journalism and Authorship, 211, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply, B.T.I. (Dept. 521) 356 Oxford Street LONDON, W.1

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free book "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London W.C.1.

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DOBBIE'S 1939 SEED CATALOGUE of 144 pages, 266 photographs, 6-colour plates. Free to all readers mentioning *John Bull*.
DOBBIE & CO., Ltd., EDINBURGH, 7.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. Prices from 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd. 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

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PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap. Samples free with leaflets.—Business Heads.—Cretteway Press, 5, Buxted, Sussex.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

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10s. per line.
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GENT'S TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS wishing to extend their business should write to *John Bull* and ask about a real money-making proposition. How to advertise in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" and get maximum results at minimum cost without delay. Ask for FREE ADVICE, without obligation, by writing, on business letter-heading, to: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, *John Bull*, Room 23, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 83 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 129, Upper St., London, N.1

WHY WISE WOMEN
Take
HOLLOWAYS
Brand
PILLS
1 Holloways Pills are not harsh or drastic in action. They do not upset the most delicate system.
2 By cleansing your system of waste poisons, Holloways Pills help to keep your Skin soft and lovely, your eyes clear and sparkling.
3 Holloways Pills are an ideal strengthening Tonic for those who are inclined to "nerves" and neurosis.
4 Clean rich blood is both a Health and Beauty secret and comes from taking Holloways Pills.
5 Anæmia is woman's greatest enemy. Holloways Pills enrich the Blood, provide energy and promote Health and Strength.
6 Holloways Pills have 100 years' reputation as the Finest Remedy for Women who Suffer.
I'm Fit and well
Thanks to Holloways Pills!

Too many women lose the freshness of their looks and become Anæmic and a prey to Headaches, Tiredness and "Nerviness," never dreaming that the real cause is CONSTIPATION. What a change they would notice if they took even a short course of that grand old remedy, Holloways Brand Pills.

Holloways Pills are a woman's best friend—and, indeed, have been so for more than a hundred years! They are the tried and true corrective for Constipation and all its attendant ills. By cleansing the system with their wealth of gently-acting but richly valuable ingredients, they speedily *assist* Digestion, *strengthen* Nerves, *renew* Energy, and *Purify* and *Enrich* the Blood. Back comes the flood tide of glorious health! Dull eyes sparkle! Muddy skins bloom with health! Tired and ageing lines vanish! Pain ceases! Rapidly you begin to feel and look better, bubbling over with energy, sparkling with enthusiasm, RADIANT with HEALTH!

HOLLOWAYS Brand PILLS

3d., 1'3, 3/- 5/- SOLD EVERYWHERE

For all Skin troubles, such as ABSCESS, BURNS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ECZEMA, SORE SKIN, PIMPLES, RASHES, SEPTIC WOUNDS, LEG TROUBLES, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, CHAPS, etc., use Holloways Brand Ointment—the Supreme Skin Healer. From all Chemists at 3d. per tin, or 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per jar.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem — that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B. 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keepers Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you. Whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.16, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

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DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. LIST FREE.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. J.B.), 228, MILE END RD. London, E.1.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats & Novelties, Wigs, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Unedun," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS. The quality and value of a Hall Cedarwood Shed is well known. Write for illus. catalogue and note the low prices and easy terms. See Rbt. Hall's advt. on page 2.

LATEST Radio News. Fill in the coupon on page 6 for full details of the new Bush Button tuning all-wave superhet.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's Remedy for Colds and Influenza. Does not affect the heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c.—CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 39) BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No hurting pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED. — Arbico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

A FREE copy of the new Yadil health book is offered on page 31

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nosyrolne advert. on page 33, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon on page 31 filled in with your name and address.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover for free sample of Elasto, the bio-medical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now while you think of it.

FREE.—If you suffer from Rheumatism or any form of Rheumatic ailment, send at once for a very informative free booklet offered by the makers of Dois' Volatalise Flannel. Don't delay. Write now, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dois Volatalise Flannel Ltd., Dept. 11, 104, Baker Street, London, W.1. See page 28.

WEAK women. An instructive 56-page booklet tells how to build strength and get renewed energy. A copy will be sent post free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.2/1, 128, Baker Street, London, W.1. See page 33.

AMAZING Catarrh Discovery! Readers are offered a free sample of Mr. Houben's latest remedy. Full particulars of his special offer, which will banish this distressing complaint can be obtained by filling in the coupon on page 5 and sending 2d. in stamps for postage, etc., or if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull* (enclosing 2d. in stamps) to Mr. John Houten, Hemlyn & Houben, Ltd., 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (181C), Palace Gate, W.8.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write The Stanley Institute Ltd. (J.B 1), 21 Warwick Lane, E.C.4

FILL in the coupon in BOURNVILLE Cocoa announcement on p. 23 for a copy of a 44-page gift book with free coupon.

48-PAGE Book free. Get Fit and Remain Fit. Don't overlook the home course of physical culture offered by C. Atlas on page 29. Send the coupon for free particulars.

A HAPPY baby means a happy mother. An interesting book, "Every Mother's Book," can be obtained free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Allred Pennings, Cowes, I.O.W. See page 31.

WRITE for free catalogue CJ/13 of Ferranti Electric Clocks. They need no winding or regulating and give a lifetime of service. Address:—Ferranti, Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs. mentioning *John Bull*. See page 32.

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every *John Bull* reader to try and enjoy Weetabix—the new cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Weetabix, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.7, Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 2d. stamp for postage, etc. Offer appears in p. 32.

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.78, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a free gift booklet and voucher. See page 34.

FREE.—Special booklet, "The Cause and Prevention of Tooth Decay" can be obtained free of charge. All readers who appreciate the vital importance of the care of the teeth should write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Kolynos, Dept. J.B.1, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. See Front Cover announcement.

DOG lovers. If you really take an interest in the welfare of the family pet, get free particulars of the oldest Dog Medicine in the world by filling in the coupon on page 22 or writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Sceptre Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.22, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10, simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See page 28.

BRITAIN'S BOMBPROOF COLLEGE. Yes, although you might be inclined to say that no such thing exists or is ever likely to exist, there is a bomb-and-gas-proof college in Britain. The Bennett College of Sheffield has been very active in teaching Police, Firemen, Air Wardens, Decontamination Squads, etc., A.R.P. work free of charge. Many thousands have taken advantage of this splendid offer which, at the time of the crisis last September, was extended to include every hotel proprietor and manager in Britain, who would thus be able to take the utmost precaution to protect the children and adults staying at their hotels. It is obvious that a College offering such a splendid free service to the community at large would not neglect its own personnel; and therefore the Bennett College have acquired a large house standing in an acre of grounds, which adjoins the College. This house is on a hillside and has extensive cellarage. Working to architects' special plans, this hillside is now being tunnelled so that a bomb-and-gas-proof chamber nearly 50 ft. underground will be available for the staff of almost 300 together with several hundreds more, if necessary. Mr. Bennett is to be congratulated not only on his generous national effort, but on the initiative which has caused this remarkable local shelter to be built.

JOHN BULL COLOSSAL ONE-WEEK PENSION, CASH and DARTS OFFER

£10 MONTHLY for LIFE PLUS

WIN THIS GIANT 3-in-1 FIRST PRIZE

ADDED SURPRISE AWARDS for ALL WINNERS whose entry included FREE GIFT COUPON

WIN THIS MIGHTY PRIZE!

Miss N. Grossman.

INDEPENDENCE for life, a memorable celebration and a four-figure fortune stand well within your reach to-day, thanks to "JOHN BULL'S" gigantic One-week Crossword before you on these pages.

No fewer than 97 entrants have already won outright triumphs in "**John Bull**" Crosswords. To be the first such big winner in 1939 was the honour won by Miss N. Grossman, 355, High Road, Chiswick, who swept all before her in our 136th Contest.

Previous to her fine outright victory, this film artist and pianist *had never previously won a prize in our Contests.* So even if you have never before won a Crossword prize of any description, there is no reason why you should not win outright this week's colossal First, consisting of a solid Life Pension of £10 Monthly, a Millionaire's Week for Two and an immediate fortune of £1,000.

Be quick for this sensational ONE-WEEK opportunity—you can post your Squares right up to AND INCLUDING last collection on Thursday, February 9, but afterwards will be too late.

ACROSS CLUES

1. For print of this to give useful information, it must be clear
3. It may be unwise to trust one with a secret
7. Name of plant family to which pansy belongs
9. If you do this all day you do expect to get paid for it
11. Consume
17. Big one may be large enough for a lot of corn
20. Rings on these commonly come in useful
21. Usually funny when seen on stage
22. Slow one is apt to make people impatient
23. It's sometimes worth keeping this when machine is being dismantled
24. Live wire is often this

DOWN CLUES

1. It's often painful when one is put out of joint
2. Kiln to dry hops
4. Above
5. Big firms sometimes employ them for messages between departments
6. Housewife may use when frying
8. Jeweller is likely to have a number in silver and gold
10. One sometimes gets in dip
12. That of diving frightens many timid people
13. Famous statesman's is usually described in his biography
14. It's foolish for poor yachtsman to do this in race
15. When there's a big one in dock it often does lot of damage
16. Person who is this is often reserved
18. Over-friendly neighbours will probably do this on new-comers after a time
19. Should be easy to draw

Note this new privilege for the assistance of Crosswerders

CLOSING POSTMARK—Thurs., Feb. 9.

You may now post up to last collection on Thursday

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 29.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, February 9, 1939.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 23. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 28, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

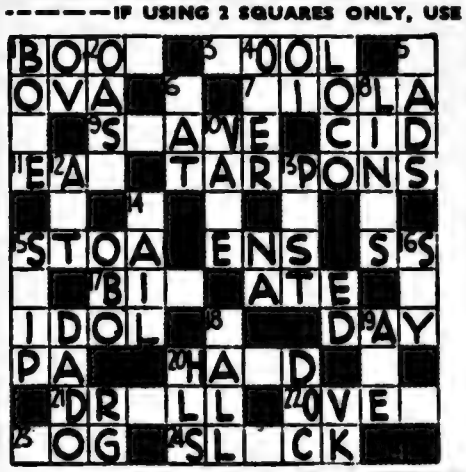
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 141. CLOSING POSTMARK, THURS., FEB. 9, 1939.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.

4 SQUARES 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

MILLIONAIRE'S CELEBRATION WEEK IN LONDON FOR TWO AND £1,000 CASH

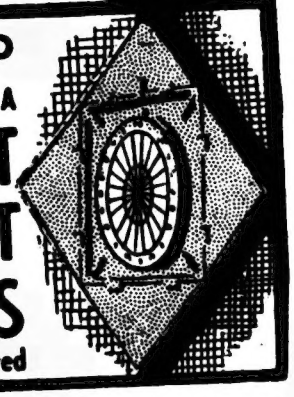
A thrilling Joy Week of luxurious sight-seeing and entertainment, entirely at "John Bull's" expense

-OR LUMP SUM OF £1,750

£150 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

—AND WITH EACH SUCH SHARE OF £1 OR OVER, A SUPER DARTS OUTFIT in PATENT CABINET COMPLETE with DARTS

—or DOUBLE-SIZE CASE of GROCERIES if preferred



...POST ENTRY NOT LATER THAN LAST COLLECTION THURSDAY, FEB. 9

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES, including FREE "BULLETS"

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross & Co.. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 141, and *Bullets* No. 1,157, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner, observing that *Bullets* closing postmark is Saturday, February 11.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES

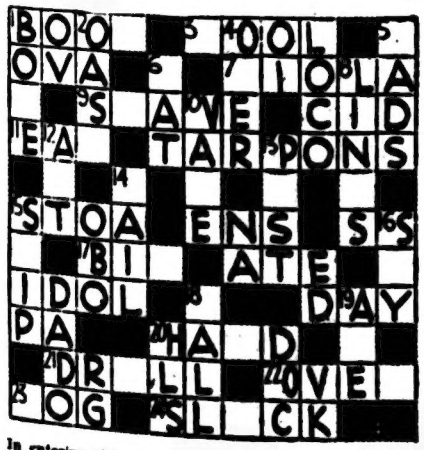
For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. For additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required. Supply limited, so apply at once.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 141, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 141. CLOSING POSTMARK, THURS., FEB. 9, 1939.

FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 141., and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....

Two squares above FREE if sending 6 squares with P.O. for 1s. 6d.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

£1,900 Won in Crossword No. 138

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 138, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following ten competitors:—

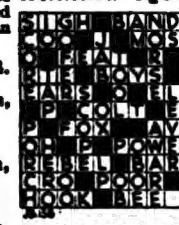
A. H. ALEXANDER, 6, Fairlight Close, Chingford, E.4.
E. ANDOW, 9, Rudthorpe Rd., Horfield, Bristol, 7.
Miss G. BASCOMBE, 17, Collins St., Avonmouth, Bristol.
W. CLANCY, 62, Clark St., Stepney, E.1.
A. V. DUKE, 54, West Hill, Epsom.
H. V. EDWARDS, 7, Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1.
Mrs. C. FIELD, 77, High St., Solihull, Warwickshire.
T. HOWARD, 23, Frognal Lane, Hampstead, N.W.3.
Mrs. T. SKIDMORE, 27, Victoria Rd., Oldbury, Worcs.
Miss D. WINDO, 186, Ashley, Bradford-on-Avon.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £1,750, and a cheque for £175 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 7, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 65 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 6s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point BEES and BEET were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your Free weekly copy by enclosing with your Entry the "Gazette" Coupon below.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SIGH. 2. BAND. 7. FEAT. 10. BOYS. 14. COLT. 16. FOX. 19. POWER. 20. REBEL. 22. POOR. 23. HOOK. 24. BEES or BEET.
DOWN.—1. SCORE. 3. NORSE. 4. DYE. 5. JAB. 6. SILK. 8. TOOL. 9. TAP. 11. SCOPE. 12. LEVER. 13. SEW. 15. PORCH. 17. AWARE. 18. HERO. 21. DUX.

FREE Guide to Success!

MAKE your Competition hobby doubly interesting by arranging to receive each week the best guide to success which a would-be winner can secure!

Accept the free guidance and encouragement of "John Bull's" invaluable *Crossword Gazette* and "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which is posted each Wednesday to all who have reserved a copy. It is packed with expert hints and Crossword news and brings you a handy "Time-Sava" entry-form as well as a weekly opportunity to enter for "John Bull's" great new Penny Pool.

To obtain a regular supply, simply fill up the Reservation Coupon adjoining and enclose it with your entry for this week's giant Crossword Offer.

X-WORD AID COUPON

You are invited to enclose this with your Crossword entry.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply. (Cross out line which is not applicable).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

RHEUMATISM

The grim price of neglect

The evergreen proverb of "a stitch in time" has a terrible urgency for Rheumatic sufferers. For the consequence of neglect of this malady is beyond all telling. Who can estimate the cost in suffering and in money of years of acid erosion and racking pain that gradually cripple and often deform?

And it is so easy, so fatally easy, to put off thorough treatment from one attack to the next! A little forethought and a trifling expenditure *now* can not only end your Rheumatic pains quickly, but make all the difference to your future.

Get a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt and begin taking a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of warm water first thing every morning. Notice how the pain eases and disappears, how joints become loose and supple as Fynnon's Spa Water elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium get to work. Liver and kidneys are toned up, stimulated. The Rheumatic acid is dissolved and rinsed away. Stagnant food waste, begetter of the acid, of unhealthy fat and of half life's ills is also daily rinsed away, so that your blood is kept pure and your entire system fresh.

Plainly "a daily Fynnon" is much more than a powerful Rheumatism treatment. It is a real health assurance at any age—and a most natural one. Large tins 1/3 from all Chemists.

To Stop STOMACH PAINS in 5 minutes

take, after meals, a little

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

Get a 6D Trial Tin (24 Tablets)

Quick—one dose stops pain.
Sure—never fails to relieve; prescribed by doctors everywhere.
Economical—Large sizes, 1/3d. and 2/6d., even more economical than the 6d. tins.

BOILS

Carbuncles. Septic Wounds
Abscesses.
Eczema

Says the Chemist:

"Here's what I've

ADVISED *for a* LIFETIME!"

"QUICK, soothing, thorough—that's what you need in a remedy for Boils. I've tried all sorts in my 30 years as a Qualified Chemist, but never found anything to beat grand old LION OINTMENT. It's safe, every time.

"Customers come to me in misery, asking my advice. You should see the different look on their faces after using LION for a few days! BOILS GONE, completely! Septic matter gone: clean new healthy skin formed. Very soothing, too, customers say.

"Yes, use it for the kiddies—absolutely safe. Cuts, Burns, Chilblains—it's great stuff!"

Chemists: 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box. Or send P.O. to Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

1/3

BURGESS'

LION OINTMENT

The Editor Laughs Last

GRANNY (Luton).—"The old-fashioned girl used to stay at home when she had nothing to wear." But not now

L. B. (York).—"Do you give your wife a regular allowance or do you give her money when she asks for it?" Both.

F. H (Dulverton).—"I want to go into some business where I am sure to get a foothold." Why not become a chiropodist?

JOCK (Glasgow).—"I've been invited to a wedding where everybody is expected to give a present of something gold." What are you giving—a gold fish?

S. E. (Bembridge).—"According to the Ministry of Health, the people of this country are letting their teeth go to ruin." Then it's about time they were stopped.

T. R. S. (Crewe).—"After reading your recent political article, I've decided to vote Socialist. Am I right?" No, left.

MRS. F. (Bungay).—"My husband refuses to tell me where he was last night so it is now up to me to find out." See letter below.

MR. F. (Bungay).—"My wife wants to know where I was last night so it is now up to me to find out." See letter above.

C. P. R. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"A comic singer in Mexico City was wounded in the throat by a knife thrown by a member of the audience." Aimed at his jocular vein?

TOM (Ayr).—"I was coming home in the early hours of the morning when I was robbed. Fifty-three things were taken from me—all I had on me." A pack of cards and a cork-screw?

DORIS (Hitchin).—"My fiancé tells me that when we are married he will never allow me out of his sight." And has he told you how much he is going to allow you out of his income?

W. V. (London, E.).—"When the two boxers and their followers met on the afternoon of the fight, one stepped off the scales and punched his opponent on the nose." He started to weigh in too soon.

* * *

G. H. (Wigan).—"The coal merchant said that the particular coal would prove economical, but it won't burn at all." Well, what could be more economical than that?

* * *

A. T. (Wembley).—"A man outside Broadcasting House attracted attention by repeatedly stretching his arms to their fullest extent." Perhaps he was a radio comedian whose style had been severely cramped before the microphone.

A. L. (Barnet).—"A parrot in a North London house recently consumed two glasses of cherry brandy." It must have been pathetic in the morning to hear the bird pleading for an aspirin in its drinking-water.

O G (Harrow).—"However rich or famous a man becomes, he will always address his old schoolmaster as 'Sir' whenever he happens to meet him." That must be one of those old school ties we hear so much about.

ARTIST (Bloomsbury).—"A train in motion is a beautiful sight." But the average man finds that a view of the guard's van disappearing in the dim distance as he pants on to the platform gives him no æsthetic thrill.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

L. R. (Newton Heath).—"One should not, of course, argue with a policeman." That's right. You couldn't get much change out of a copper.

G. K. (Dewsbury).—"My sister is going to marry a bank cashier. I suppose his could be regarded as a steady job?" Yes, if he doesn't start bringing home samples.

MAID (Shelford).—"I made a New Year's resolution to my mistress that I would always remember to clean the hall mirror every day." Well, we hope you won't break it.

L. T. (Acton).—"My wife's birthday present to me was a pair of spats, but I don't feel equal to wearing them, as I should be guyed unmercifully." Case of cold feet, evidently.

S. L. (Deal).—"After I'd let my fourteen-year-old son go to the pantomime with us, he expressed disgust at having had to see such a childish show at his age." He wanted to know what you took him for?

BANK CLERK (Bradford).—"You could carry a quarter of a million on you if the money were in ten-pound notes." And to think that we have always been afraid that we should have to tip a porter to do it for us!

* * *

H. J. (Helston).—"A grain of sand got into my wife's eye and she had to go to the doctor. That cost me a guinea." You're lucky compared to the fellow whose wife got a fur coat in hers. It cost him £100.

* * *

MOTORIST (Witham).—"I was most indignant when a herd of cows came out of a side turning without any warning and caused me to run into the hedge." Surely you didn't expect them to sound their horns?

D. G. (Runcorn).—"What is good for biting fingernails?" Sharp teeth.

F. A. (St. Helens).—"I'd like to see any man try to kiss me." No doubt, but you shouldn't admit it.

K. J (Beverley).—"My mother likes the tone of my boy friend's voice." She thinks there's a ring in it?

F. G. S. (Leeds).—"I don't think there's anything to beat a really good wife." What about a really bad husband?

F. W (Chatham).—"In the end, the cashier placed the whole of the facts before one of the principals of the firm." So the matter was brought to a head.

R. L. (Exeter).—"When I went to pay my hotel bill, I was asked if I had taken any baths." Why? Were there some missing?

* * *

M. K. (Keswick).—"My wife is much too sensible to let anybody turn her head." That's a bit awkward for her hairdresser, isn't it?

* * *

R. B. (London, W.).—"The up-to-date tailor is already thinking about next summer's suits." Then ours cannot be up to date, because he is still worrying about the one we had from him last summer.

* * *

B. H. W. (Liverpool).—"I've just left the sea for good." Now bring your ship home by winning that Life Pension and £100 offered on Page 39.

* * *

D. K. (Rugby).—"During Christmas week I looked after my father's poultry farm, while last week I had charge of my brother's fishmonger's shop, and now what do you think I have on my hands?" Chilblains.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"A half-yearly service during business hours between Liverpool and New Brighton. . . ."

STALYBRIDGE REPORTER:—". . . the Mayor would also have enjoyed it had he been UNABLE to come."

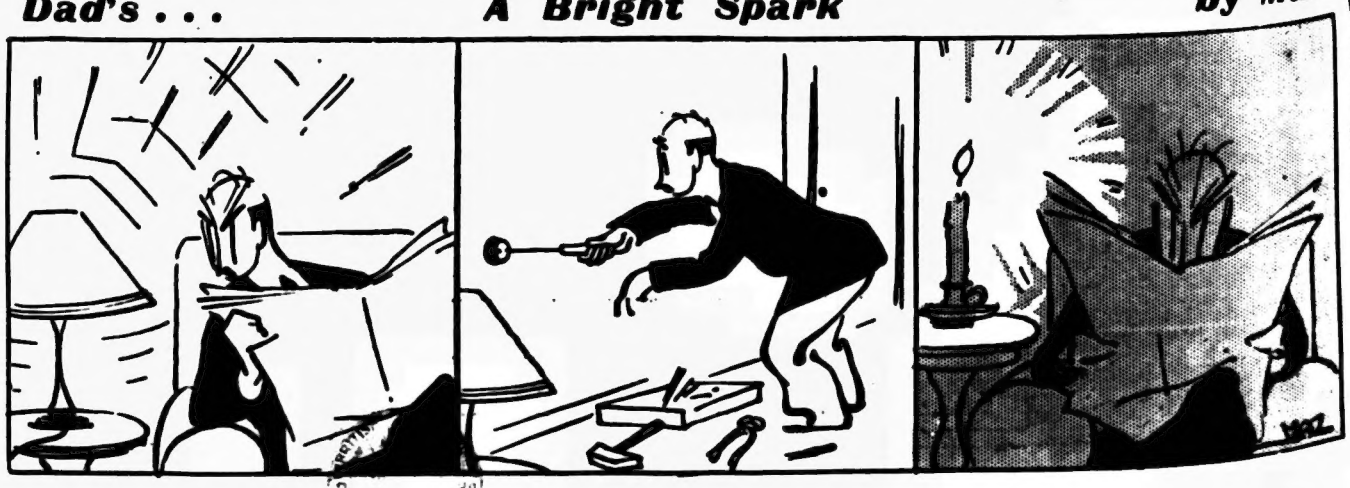
NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"Mrs. L. complimented the workers upon their energy and enterprise and said they could BE BEATEN for keenness in any parish in the country."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"They hopped perkily about the carriage-way, as the spinning wheels of the car threatened them with DISTINCTION."

THE RHYL LEADER:—"Tremendous KNEENESS has been shown among the members of the choir. . . ."

Dad's . . . A Bright Spark

by Maz



PENSION plus BIG CHEQUE for a 'Bullet'
HEADING
250 DOUBLE AWARDS
£20 A WEEK FOR LIFE
PLUS £100 CASH
BRINGING WINNER PENSION PAYMENTS DURING THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS TOTALLING OVER
£1,000
£25 plus SEWING MACHINE
(RADIO or CYCLE if PREFERRED)
£10 plus LIBRARY OF 25 BOOKS
£9 £8 £7
£6 £5 £4 £3
10 of £2.10 30 of 10/-
All plus SURPRISE AWARD
200 NEW 2-in-1 PRIZES
6,000 other Awards
THIS WEEK ONLY!
300 GNS. WILL BE PAID IF FIRST PRIZE-WINNER PREFERS SINGLE PAYMENT

A LITTLE clear thinking can bring you a lifelong reward in *Bullets* this week. If one of your efforts proves the best, Friday, February 24, will bring a thrilling golden *Joy* Wire, naming you winner of 20s. Weekly Life—and £100 in immediate cash as well!

Each of this Contest's big supporting cheques will be accompanied by an additional presentation, whilst these are followed by 200 new 2-in-1 prizes and 6,000 other awards.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example* BURIED IN HIS WORK, you might jot down, *Neglects Attentions To Her*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, BURIED IN HIS WORK—UNWITTINGLY DIGGING ROMANCE'S "GRAVE."

Study the leading *Bullets* in Contest No. 1,153 on this page and then start on your own efforts, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, February 11.

ULLETS' 1,153 RESULT

First Prize, £350:

GILES, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.
xample: RUN DOWN
ullet: FOR *Avoiding* "COLLISION," NEVILLE.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

M. McCOMBIE, 32, Hamilton Road, Crofton Park, Brockley, S.E.
mple: Glamour Girl
et: Isn't All Glamour, Girls!

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

PRENDERGAST, 24, Lee Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.
mple: Refugees
et: And Civilisation, "Poor Things!"

OTHER PRIZES:

A. MERRY, 29, St. James Road, Leicester.
arer And Nearer—Friday—Then It's Monday!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

W. NIXON, 194, Portland Road, Hove.
rate's Problem—Dinner—Bishop's, Dinner Engagements!

Mrs. E. A. KENNEDY, 48, Tuckton Road, Bournemouth.
rd To Decide—Who'll Mother Solomon's Babes?

Mrs. A. WALLACE, 22, Lisle Street, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
mour Girl — Morning Sun Seldom "Kisses."

n-1 WEDDING PRIZE

—next week's novel First

C. DOBSON, 1, Ringby, Boothtown Road, Halifax, Yorks.
ugees—Robbed—Assaulted—Then Arrested!

H. KNIGHT, Ashby-de-la-Launde, Digby, Lincoln.
Went To The Sale And—Returned—"No Fighting, Children!"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

S. FRANCIS, 275, Manchester Road, Audenshaw, Manchester.
mour Girl—"Colours" *City's* "Face," Too.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

CORDER, 8, Willowhale Avenue, Aldwick, Sussex.
ope's Unsettled, But—Gendarme's Found unk's Luggage!

MMENS, 6, Danson Road, Walworth, S.E.
ate's Problem—Jujube—Misjudged Anthem's Length!

member Your Bonus Voucher!

last week's JOHN BULL contained Special nus Privilege Voucher.
you entered for our Giant Offer No. 1,156 are entitled to enclose completed voucher with your entry for *Bullets* No. 7 this week.
thus you qualify for BONUS AWARD of £2 with any prize of £2 10s. or over ich you win in this contest.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BRITANNIA'S LARDER
TO SAVE CIVILISATION
FOR MAN
IT'S ONLY A COTTAGE, BUT
NOW DAD'S THE MAYOR
WITH AMERICA'S HELP
DEMANDS INVESTIGATION
SICKENING
BURIED IN HIS WORK
HARD AS NAILS
GROWING RAPIDLY
THE SLEEPER AWOKE AND
LAUGHTER IN COURT
RISKING EVERYTHING
IN SONNY'S DIARY
WHEN FRIGHTENED
NOT UP TO MUCH
AFTER THE COLLISION
SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT
NAME TO CONJURE WITH
ON OUR HANDS
NEEDS A NEW COAT
WIFEY'S AIM
RELIEF FOR THE WORKLESS

H. FLEMING, 43, Academy Street, Bathgate, N.B.
Sold A Pup—Lacked That "Watch-dog" Experience.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. K. GOODWIN, Sawpit Street, Dunham Massey, Altrincham, Ches.
Sold A Pup—Nazis—We're *All* "Mongrels."

Nurse I. MITCHELL, Millwynd, Lundin Links, Fifeshire.
To Win Her Hand—Oiled Hair—"Greased" Brother.

M. J. ORFORD, Halesowen Golf Club, Halesowen, near Birmingham.
Sold A Pup—Collector Had Bigger Dog!

R. W. ROBERTS, "Bevendene," Cadnant Park, Conway.
Refugees—Till Neighbour's Hens *Lay!*

J. E. TOMLINSON, 20, Kemple View, Clitheroe, Lancs.
Nearer And Nearer—Neville's Visit To Japan?

A. WALTON, 16, Greave Street, Todmorden.
When Auntie Caught A Cold—Doctor's Chauffeur Caught Pneumonia!

G. A. WILSON, 89, Holehouse Drive, Knightswood, Glasgow.
If Dad Were Boss—Nobody Sacked—Or Working!

A list of 50 winners of Grocery Cases can be seen at these offices.

Save Money on Entries—see Crossword page 37.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,157) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,157) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,157) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

No. 1,157

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,157, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, your Free Entry may be written on plain paper and enclosed with paid entry or prize coupons.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,157 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,152 will be displayed in the window of Mr. P. W. Cooper, 12, Station Road, West Wickham.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

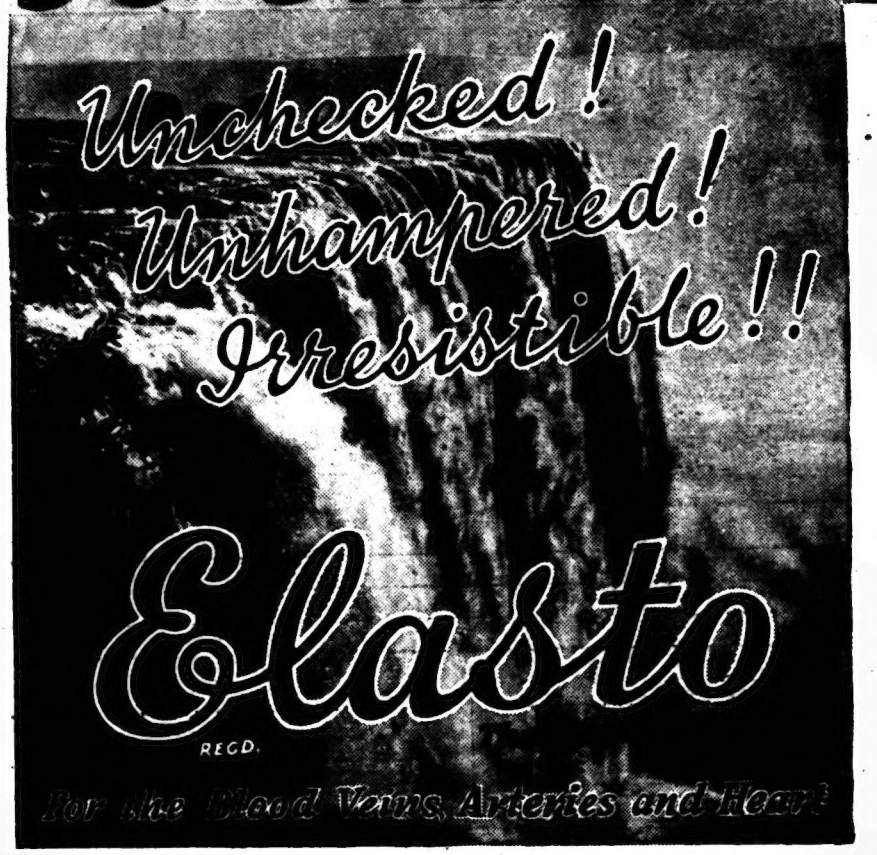
1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,157, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

AS THE WATERS FLOW SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!



Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels!

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels. Think of that—12,000 miles! *Sufficient to stretch half-way round the world.* This wonderful pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station, the heart. By means of this vital pipe-line, the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood-stream is at fault. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy, and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

Elasto is something new to curative science. It dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation: without which there can be no true healing. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force: stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and disease-damaged tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read what users of Elasto say!

"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"
"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*" Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON. E.C.1.

Take It! —and Stop Limping

The Wonder Tablet!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself, what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Revitalizer, cures through the Blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

J.B. No. 4288. *Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.57 | 44* | B161 | A322

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